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THE SPHERE

Vol. CLV No. 2031 — WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC — DECEMBER 24 1938

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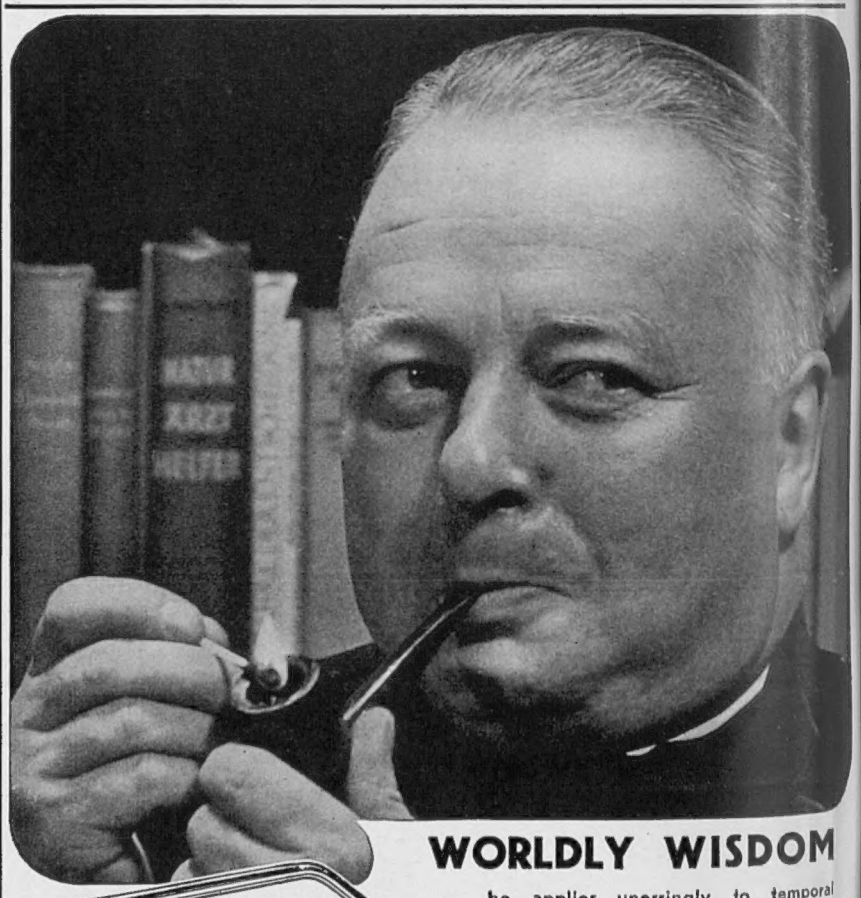

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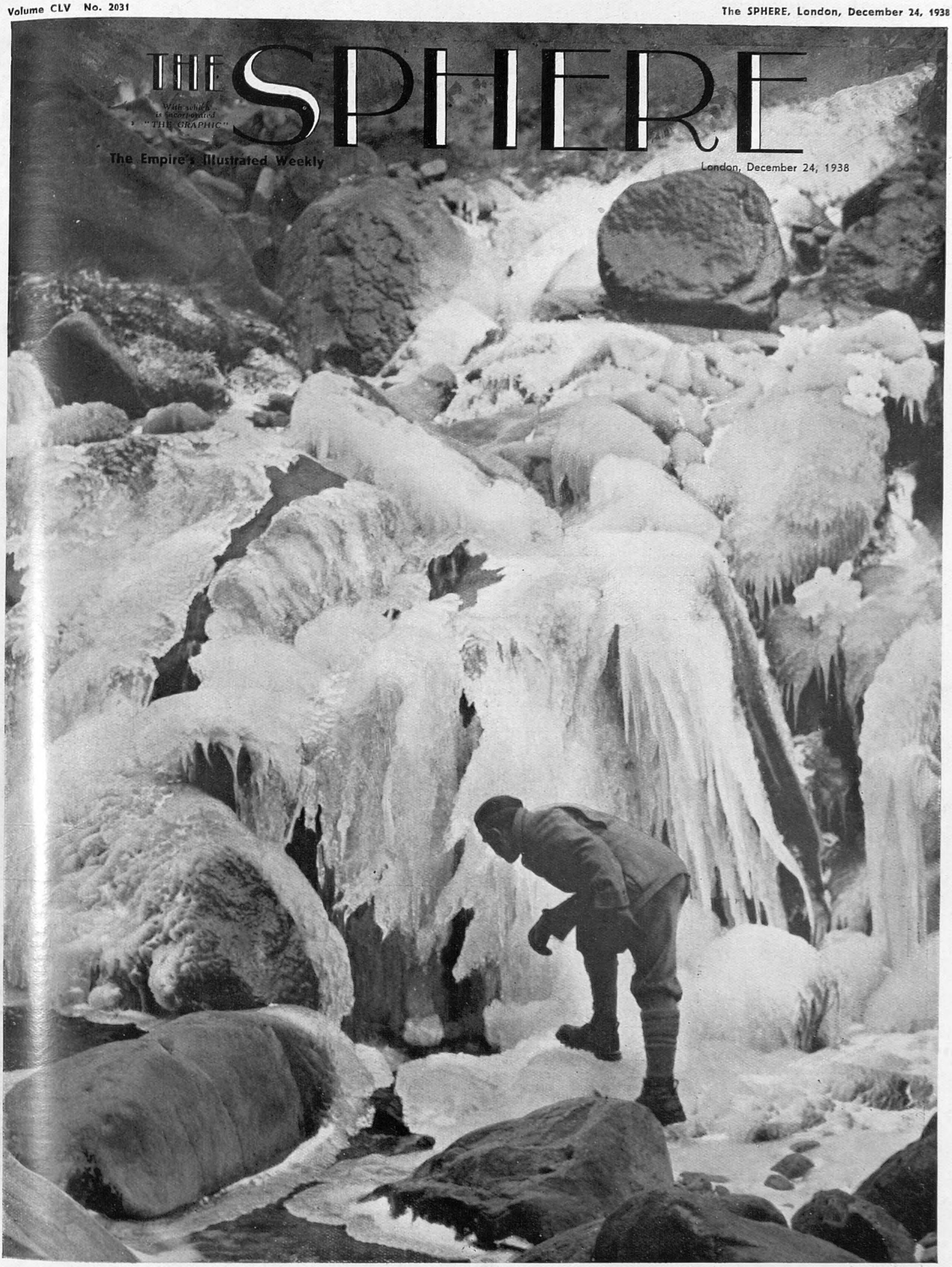
THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
London, December 24, 1938



JACK FROST'S HANDIWORK

The Falls of Kinderscout, Derbyshire, Transformed into a Veritable Fairyland by a Magnificent Icicle Display

The snow-clad cottages and laden fir trees of the greeting cards, conjuring up a Dickensian world of merriment and laughter, became a reality last week-end, but there was modified rapture at this strenuous arrival of Christmas, for it came, too, in the guise of burst pipes and frozen radiators and all Britain shivered while temperatures hovered grimly in the neighbourhood of 25 deg. "Still colder," ran one London newspaper headline on Monday, but nobody needed to be told this as they skeltered through the streets, bent on completing their Christmas shopping in the minimum of time and feeling all the while that one overcoat was hopelessly inadequate in such conditions. Statisticians were busily at work telling Londoners that they had not been so cold for ten years and that even Iceland and Spitzbergen—only 800 miles from the North Pole—were warmer. Nearly all Europe was caught in this intensely bitter spell, Berlin being one of the iciest capitals and experiencing its coldest December day for eighty-three years

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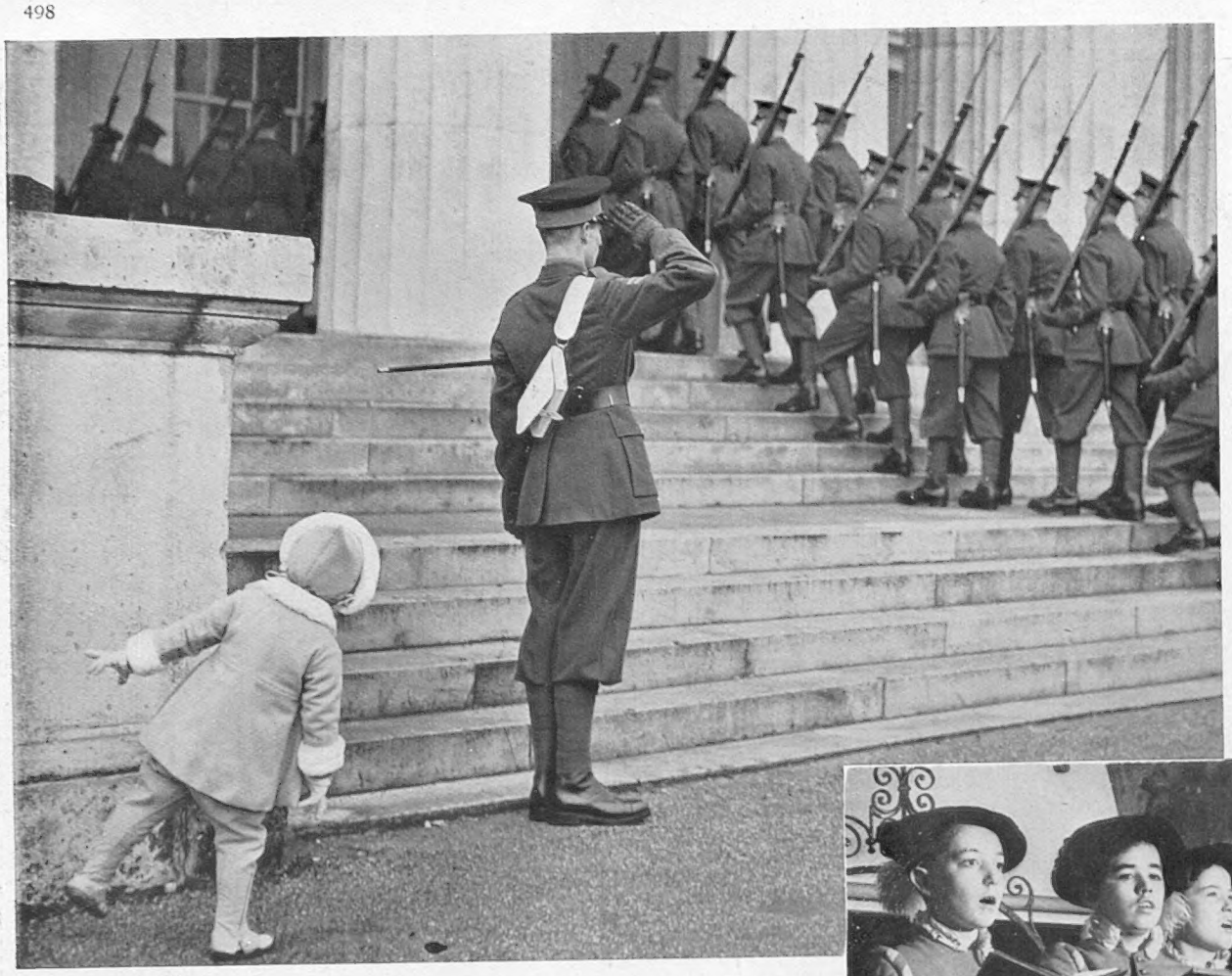


WAS SHE LOOKING FOR HER BIG BROTHER? A little girl peeps round the corner as she watches cadets march into the college during the passing-out parade and inspection held at Sandhurst last Saturday. Lieut.-General Sir Reginald S. May, Quarter-Master-General to the Forces, took the inspection

32–34 St. Bride Street, E.C. 4
Wednesday, December 21, 1938.

CHRISTMAS, 1938.—A happy Christmas to all. The words seem at first almost an insult, the time-honoured good wishes must cut so many thousands of unhappy, tortured, innocent people like the lash of a whip. What happiness can there be in the world to-day or to-morrow for a large minority, what frightful to-morrow awaits the majority which can still pretend to some temporary security and indulge, with what heart they may, in the seasonable revelry? Some have beds but hardly dare to sleep quiet in them; and some hundreds of thousands have nowhere to lay their weary heads. There is no echo this year in the hearts of civilised people when they hear once more those glorious words: "The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light." We see no light. Gross darkness covers us in. Hope seems almost dead. How often we have hoped against hope. How often in the last years clutched at a straw! How often despairingly we have assured ourselves: "God is not mocked . . . for ever," and awaited a sign that Heaven takes cognisance of the crimes now being done on earth and will in due time show a miracle and punish the guilty and give back to the great mass of innocent people the reign of order and days of peace and security. Nothing happens. No sign is revealed. The clouds gather ever more black and dense and everywhere we see force triumphant, injustice triumphant, and fear and cruelty enslaving men's hearts.

LONDON SHIVERS: There was no strolling in Hyde Park last Sunday, everybody walking at a brisk pace and, if they were sensible, wrapping themselves up in the thorough-going fashion adopted by this girl. London had its coldest spell for many years during the week-end, at Kew temperatures ranging down to 25 deg.

GOD IS NOT MOCKED.—For many years since the world war I have ended the last numbers of the Newsletter on a note of hope; have always written (and I think honestly believed) that better times were coming and the worst over. And every year has proved darker and more dangerous and more wretched than the last. O Lord, how long? There were signs of improvement last year and the year before. Christmas 1938 seems to show nothing which, in our bitter experience, can justify the hope of better days. It is darkest before the dawn. Can anything be darker than to-day? In that doubt lives the last glow of hope. Let us turn to counting what blessings this black year offered. There was one miracle. The efforts of Mr. Chamberlain did indeed, temporarily at least, avert the major, the last, calamity of our civilisation. The world was spared, and is not yet engaged in, war. And from that miracle came the knowledge of a great and comforting truth—the mass of the peoples of the most aggressive nations dread and loathe war as much as we do and seek by all means in their restricted power to avert it and to pursue the ways of peace and brotherhood. The tragedy of our civilisation is comprised in one fearful truth. Nine-tenths of the sum of the world's population desire to live at peace and to live in brotherhood with those of other race and blood. One-tenth, entrenched with all the resources of force, mad with lust for power or mad from the power they possess, keep alive this mournful, tragic feud which else had died. And darkness covers the land and gross darkness the people. Men of sanity and good will have tried, and never cease to try, to break the Satanic spell. We have almost reached the conclusion that man can do no more, and that nothing now can save us but a miracle, a sign from Heaven that, still as of old, it is possible to pin our faith on the belief that God is not mocked—for ever. Here and there a little gleam of light shows in the sky; now and again one hears a whisper of hope. Let us, then, once more close this terrible year on the old note, speak once more to those who can bear to hear it the old message of good will and good hope and wait for the miracle, as great as that which we celebrate next week, which will give light once more to darkling and distressed humanity. For myself, I began to see no help from man. At the moment of writing, the dilemma seemed complete and insoluble. Mr. Chamberlain's critics are right. The dictators yield to no argument but force. And Mr. Chamberlain is right in seeking to avert the last madness of all—resort to force. *Permitte divis cetera.*

WAS IT FOR THIS?—It is the festival which appeals chiefly to the children. It is the season when grown up people conspire to give pleasure above all to the young, to give to their children the happy memories and the high ideals which they themselves were given and enjoyed. But what

A CHRIST

bitterness lies in the customary devotion to that service to the young if mothers and fathers reflect, as they carry out the time-honoured routine, on the future—immediate and more remote—that awaits those happy, excited children! For this I had borne him? For a sacrifice to sin, for a victim of man's lusts, for a pawn in a game of madman's chess? It is an unbearable thought, brought vividly home to scores of thousands who fitted their babies with gas-masks in that late, hideous October, a thought so frightful that all experience, all tradition, all logic rejects it. If our religion and faith avail not, then at the lowest our worldly logic impels us to believe that a reckoning comes at last to those who have enslaved a vast majority of the race of men and plunged the world in darkness, blood and hatred. At long last it caught and punished Napoleon and a score of other such juggernauts before and since his time in the world's history; and the history of yesterday is still the history of to-day and the programme of to-morrow.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN CARRIES ON.—But Mr. Chamberlain has not despaired, or thrown his hand in, or left all to Heaven. His speech to the Foreign Press Association had a curious reception, which is worth examining. It was like a bomb with a time-fuse. It was not fully appreciated until the day after. To the vast audience which heard him speak it and the small audience which saw him speak it, parts of it were the words of a tired man, a man without much hope or confidence left. He is not an electric speaker at any time and his words read better than they sounded. It was curious to note that only two items were received with anything more than the barest approval that politeness demands for a dinner guest. There was dead silence when he offered as examples of the Government's achievements the agreements reached by Britain and France with Germany and by Britain with Eire and Italy. Only the U.S.-Britain trade pact and the expected reference to the solidarity and far-reachingness of the Entente evoked loud applause. But there was *meat* in that thin and haltingly spoken speech, and signs of increasing authority and determination also. Wisest of all was his argument—so cleverly brought in—that, if our friendship with France, with whom in his own lifetime we were nearly at war, to-day made the idea of our ever fighting France an absurdity, why should not the same thing happen in regard to Germany? It is surely something that there are two great nations and democracies with whom we have relations which absolutely preclude the possibility of war, and that we have

MAS NEWSLETTER

signed with the two great dictator powers pacts to outlaw war as a means of settling mutual causes of dispute. Mr. Chamberlain expressed his belief in the lessons of history; clearly he expects that Heaven or retribution or poetic justice (call it what you will) will visit on the guilty the due reward of their crimes against civilisation and that they will know the hell which Napoleon knew. And, reading between the lines of his speech, I fancy that, if there were to-day Nobel prizes for *war* efforts, he would cast his vote for such a man as Signor Gayda and his opposite numbers in Germany (and men of their kidney in Britain also) as the most obvious candidates for the prizes. The peoples remain. Their forms of government change. God is not mocked for ever, nor for ever are the peoples enslaved or tricked. The will of the peoples in the end prevails, and the will of the peoples is for peace on earth. That is the note of hope—deferred perhaps—on which once more we may end, and the nations which still fight for dignity, international honour and liberty are to present a solid front against the gangsters.

CAROLS IN DICK WHITTINGTON'S CHURCH: Members of the Lord Mayor's Boys' Choir, clad in Tudor costume, singing at St. Michael Paternoster Royal. It was there that Dick Whittington was buried

WHAT WILL 1939 BRING FORTH?

— The pessimists have plenty of material for their 1939 Jeremiads; that can't be denied. Germany, they can declare, is preparing steadily for an attack on the Polish Ukraine in February. Unless Italy—a country highly vulnerable to criticism and ridicule—is prepared to be treated by all civilisation as she has been burlesqued by French schoolboys, she can hardly drop the slogan "Tunis, Djibouti, etc.," like a hot potato, and forget that the foolish words were ever spoken. M. Daladier yields nothing to Mr. Chamberlain in his abandonment to the "will to appease," and that knowledge must stimulate the exuberant Italian. It is a fair prophecy that the cry of Tunis will continue to trouble all Europe next spring, and that the big cry may at the eleventh hour of a new "crisis" wring from France a concession of some sort, perhaps a limited interest in the Suez Canal Company, one small and unsatisfying baby to the insatiable wolves (and hitherto Italy has got little or nothing out of the Axis hunting campaign). Much more blood is likely to flow in Spain before the new year is well advanced. Renewed bombing of scores of villages will presage another drive for one or other of the cities held by the Government, and non-intervention questions are potentially as full of trouble as ever.

FRANCE'S PLAIN DUTY.—

In his last week's defence of his policy in the Chamber, M. Daladier once more showed his own courage, frankness and patriotism. In the course of his speech he quoted the advice of the City of Metz. "Peace abroad means peace at home." How much truer is the converse. There is only one argument which bullies understand and that is efficiency in their victims to defend themselves. Peace at home means peace abroad to-day, and nowhere is the saying truer than in France. Torn asunder by professional agitators, professional politicians, party gangsters, she has been drifting helplessly nearer the rocks. She seems the godsent victim of any bully or braggart, and those nations which have staked their reputations and framed their policy on supporting her through thick and thin have come to the verge of thinking they have hitched their wagon to a will o' the wisp. Yet, the hope and belief lingers—hope against hope—that the old France is not dead, the essential characteristics not dead. That her workers, her peasantry, her great bourgoisie, retain those qualities which made her great, and solid in emergency; that the rats which torment the leopard in chains have not drained her life-blood and that even now at the eleventh hour she will break her chains and show her strength. It is time, God knows, if this nightmare and orgy of bullying and recrimination is ever to

P.R.A.

— Because the term of office of Presidents of the Royal Academy has usually been long, the fact that Sir Edwin Lutyens is only the third architect to be elected to that high office is the less significant. Even during the reign of Sir Joshua, the first President, the post demanded a great deal of tact, for quarrels in matters of art are frequent and nowadays there is much to be said for a President who does not claim brush merit. His judgments are less likely to be suspected of partisanship by the revolutionaries. Sir William Llewellyn was strong and attempted to be liberal and elastic. But he was sometimes criticised as too closely bound by tradition, and Sir Edwin sees eye to eye with him. The new President's career has been dazzling. He has succeeded as have few architects in modern times. He has almost a monopoly in a wide field, and has not been spared the bitter criticism of his former brethren of the R.I.B.A. He designed the Cenotaph, the Roman Catholic Cathedral at Liverpool, the Somme Memorial, the George V Memorial at Windsor, the Australian Memorial in France; he laid out New Delhi and designed the Government House. The Lutyens country house is a house-agent's selling-point and an architectural institution and model of our day, which every square mile of Britain can show. He has done much work in Rome and Paris and South Africa. He is sixty-nine years old, he married Lord Lytton's sister, and two of his daughters are Lady Ridley and Mrs. Euan Wallace. He is a very lively conversationalist with a perfect torrent of amusing stories, Rabelaisan not excluded, and he is a better conversationalist than public speaker. For the rest, he has enjoyed life and society and hard work and enters with hope and enthusiasm on a particularly thorny path to Parnassus; but he had already climbed high up its slopes by hard and devious tracks.

THE RAEBURN ROOM.—

Those privileged to take a peep at the preparations now being made for the Winter Exhibition of Scottish Art at the Academy can say with certainty that the Raeburn room (Gallery 3) will be one of the joys of London during the winter and early spring. There will hang three dozen examples of this glorious character painter's art; splendid red-coated men, graceful and noble dames and pretty children. The pictures come from all over Britain, but mostly from Scottish homes, and many of them have been seldom seen outside the rooms for which they were painted between 1780 and 1820. Everybody loved him, he was so open and generous and kindly. His own dignity and nobility invested his art. He was a jolly companion and loved a good talk and good stories. He had a passion for angling and other sports and had many pleasant hobbies. And he painted hundreds and hundreds of pictures with the mastery of Velasquez. Edinburgh and Glasgow are rich in his works, but those we shall examine with the deepest thrill will come from private houses in Scotland where they have hung, but little known, for a century and a quarter. Gallery 3 will bring before us most graciously portrayed a gracious age.

SIR RICHMOND PALMER.

—Sir Richmond Palmer, Governor of Cyprus, will retire in April. His term of office has gone in a twinkling and is in fact already over (for he is asked to remain on until April). It seems only yesterday that he ended his very long spell of service in West Africa to go to Cyprus. Actually he went there in 1933. He spent thirty years of his life in Nigeria and Gambia and those years did not age or stale him. And he has not found the problems of Cyprus a sinecure.

THE OLD STAGER

MISS MOLLY BISHOP WEDS THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER'S BROTHER: The bride leaving for her wedding at St. Margaret's to Lord George Francis John Scott, of the 10th Royal Hussars

FATHER CHRISTMAS AMONG THE FLYING MEN: Drinking a toast at Shoreham on the occasion of the visit of the Brooklands Flying Club to the South Coast Flying Club. In the right foreground is the seven-year-old daughter of Mr. G. Bremridge, the very popular Brooklands instructional pilot, and towards the left is Mr. Cecil Pashley, who has the distinction of being Britain's senior instructor

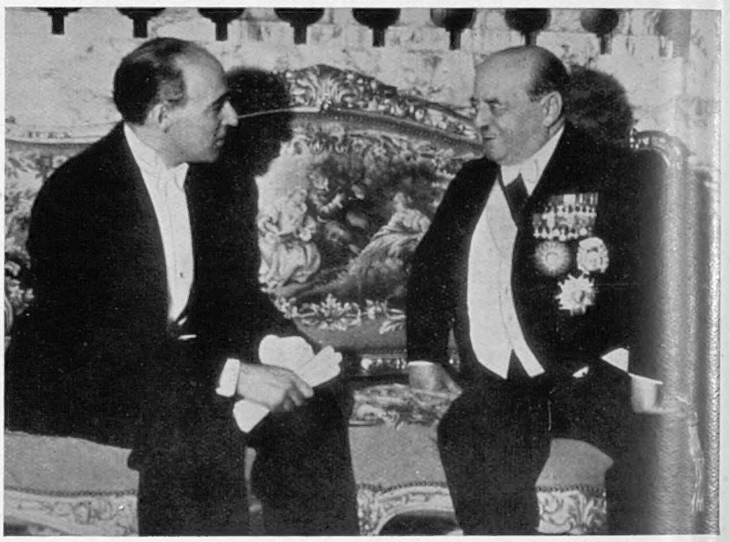
NOTED AIRMEN FORGATHER: A group taken at the meeting of the Brooklands and South Coast Flying Clubs on Sunday last at Shoreham. From left to right, the contingent who flew down from Brooklands: Mr. B. S. Smallman, A. N. Other, Mr. Clifford Mollison, Captain Duncan Davis, Mr. Ken Waller (chief instructor at Brooklands), Mr. Cecil Pashley, Mr. Leslie Cliff (Brooklands instructor), Mr. G. Bremridge (Brooklands instructor) and his pretty little daughter, Miss Bremridge

WAY *of the* WORLD:

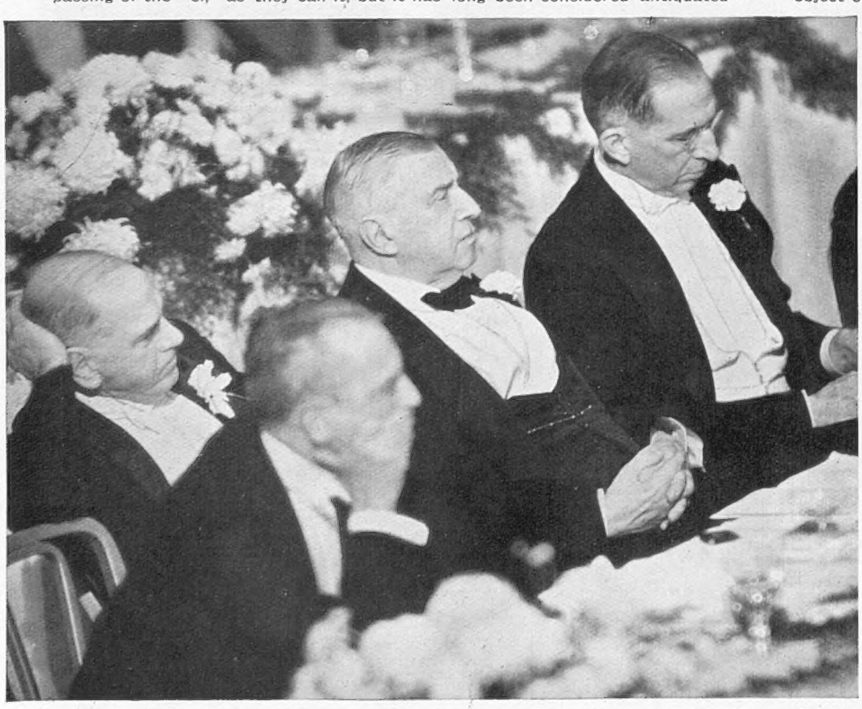
Arctic London : New York Loses the Elevated : The Lima Conference : Mr. Eden's Reception

CHRISTMAS IN EARNEST: *Above*—A youngster engaged in a snowball battle in Trafalgar Square this week, when London experienced icy weather and its first snowfall of the winter. *Right*—Cars abandoned on Blackheath Hill, which they were unable to negotiate last Monday owing to the thick layer of ice coating the surface. Many roads were almost impassable for motorists, and nearly every gradient became a tilted skating-rink, down which vehicles slid helplessly

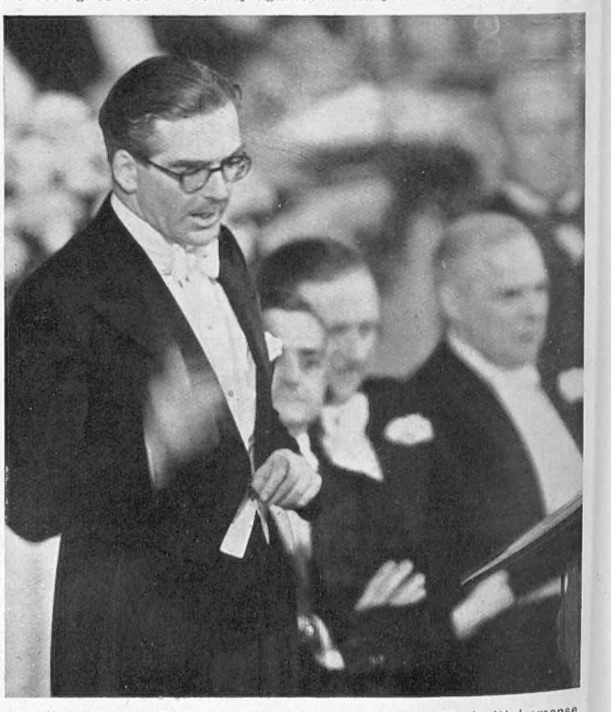
THE LAST TRAIN SOUTH being signalled through Rector Street by operator J. F. Baxter when the Sixth Avenue elevated railway, a feature of New York life for sixty years, was about to be closed under a decision taken by the city's Board of Estimate, which has decided to demolish the line. Many New Yorkers regret the passing of the "el," as they call it, but it has long been considered antiquated



THEIR SUBJECT—PAN-AMERICANISM: Mr. Laurence A. Steinhardt (left), American Ambassador to Peru, in conversation with President Oscar Benevides of Peru on the eve of the opening of the Eighth Pan-American Conference at Lima at which delegates from the twenty-one American republics have forgathered with the object of discussing collective security against military and economic invasion



AMERICA WELCOMES THE APOSTLE OF DEMOCRACY: A group of noted business men listening to Mr. Eden as he made a notable speech at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, New York, at the annual dinner of the National Association of Manufacturers when he delivered a powerful plea on behalf of the democratic system of government. Left to right—Mr. Alfred P. Sloan, Jnr. (Chairman, General Motors Corporation), Mr. Eugene Grace (President, Bethlehem Steel Corporation), Mr. Charles M. Schwab (Chairman, Bethlehem Steel), and Mr. Lammot Du Pont



ACCLAIMED IN NEW YORK: Mr. Eden, who was received with immense enthusiasm, pictured as he made his speech at the dinner of the National Association of Manufacturers. "What a nation has in common is what matters most," he declared. "Democracy is the university in which we learn from one another. It can never be the barracks where blind obedience is deemed the first essential"

LAST CHAPTER OF A LIGHTHOUSE DRAMA: This was the thrilling picture taken at the Eddystone last Saturday as Principal Keeper Jordain, who had been ill for ten days but could not be brought ashore owing to the heavy seas, was strapped in a cradle and lowered 40 ft. into a motor launch which took him to the Trinity House steamer *Satellite*, the *Satellite* then conveying him to Plymouth. Oil had to be pumped on to the sea in order to allow of the launch approaching the treacherous rocks

TURKEYS, CHRISTMAS PUDDINGS, AND OTHER SEASONABLE FARE being handed to members of the crew of the lightship *Nore* in the Thames estuary when the Rev. William Charles Bown, acting on behalf of the Mission to Seamen of the Port of London, arrived in a launch. Mr. Bown has visited the *Nore* no fewer than fifty-one times

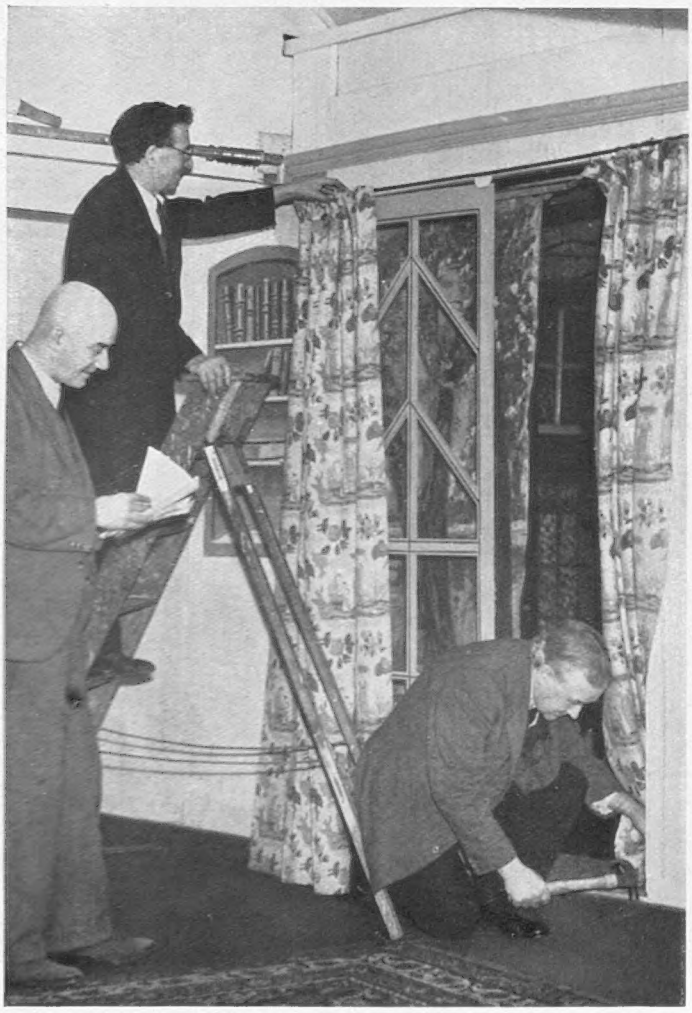
THE EDDYSTONE KEEPER RESCUED

After Being Marooned for Ten Days When in Need of Medical Aid

HOME AT LAST: Sympathetic crowds watching Principal Keeper Jordain being carried to a waiting ambulance on his arrival at Plymouth following rescue from the Eddystone Lighthouse. On examining Jordain a doctor decided that it would not be necessary for him to go to hospital although he will require treatment for a week or two

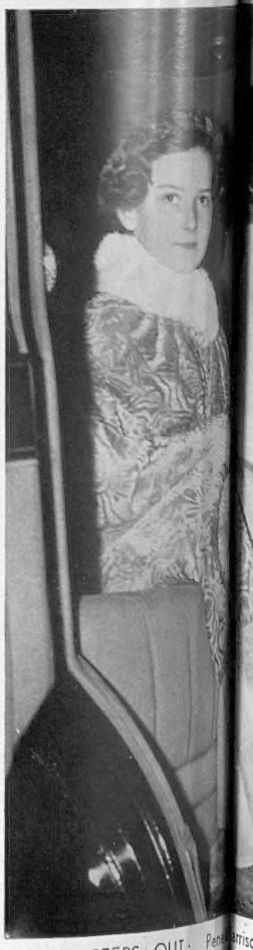
A Composite Pic

"THE SAILOR HOME FROM THE SEA": Jack comes ashore at Portsmouth on being relea for the holidays. In normal times half the Home Fleet is allowed Christmas leave and, on return to duty, the other half has leave for the New Year. Christmas Day afloat, however, is far from being dull, officers and men combining to promote the festive spirit below de



PRESENTING THEIR OWN CHRISTMAS SHOW: Residents at the Embankment Fellowship Centre have built their own stage, a corner of which is seen here, and are putting on a Christmas play. The Centre is run on behalf of unemployed black-coated workers

IN GOOD VOICE: Girl employees sing carols at Selfridge's before the start of the day's work. Fifty of them have been getting to the store early for the purpose and they all say that it makes a good preliminary to hectic hours of serving harassed shoppers



YOUTH STEPS OUT: Pen arriso and the Hon. Mrs. arriso of the Earl and Countes van, party given by Princ abe

CHRISTMAS PRELUDE:

The Fleet Has Holiday Leave: London's Swedish Colony Celebrates: Shop Assistants Sing Carols: A Party at the Palace

WITH A CRO N OF LIGHTED CANDLES AND CLAD IN A FLOWING WHITE DRESS, Miss Barlov mmerman played the role of St. Lucia at the festal gathering held at the Swedish Church, Ro rhithe, after the annual service to mark the feast of St. Lucia, the saint who is regarded in Scandina as the herald of Christmas and, as such, has a high place in the religious calendar

rrison, daughter of Major J. F. Harrison rrison, and Lady Joanna Lambart, daughter evan, on their way to attend the Christmas zabeth and Margaret at Buckingham Palace

LADY MARY CAMBRIDGE leaving with her mother, the Marchioness of Cambridge, to attend the Christmas party given by the Princesses. Lady Mary is a member of the Buckingham Palace troop of girl guides

THE HON. ELA BEAUMONT, Viscountess Allendale's daughter, was another guest at the Buckingham Palace Christmas party. Her home is in Piccadilly and she was once a neighbour of the Princesses who, before the accession, lived at No. 145

BRAVE NEW WORLD: The latest party of German child refugees pictured on arrival at Harwich where all was organised for their reception and temporary accommodation. Some are orphans, but the majority have left their parents behind them

BRITAIN: A CLEARING HOUSE FOR REFUGEE YOUTH

How Jew and Gentile Alike Are Combining to Help the Orphans of the European Storm: A Nation-wide Movement

TO-DAY Britain is a great clearing house for youth, and though there are some who claim that by giving help to the refugees this country is meddling in German internal affairs, over-concerning herself with problems outside her province and diverting money from Britain's established charities, the fact remains that people of all shades of political opinion—Conservative, Liberal, and Socialist—Gentile and Jew alike, have been impelled, for reasons varying from a deep religious to a deep political sense, to subscribe liberally to the Lord Baldwin and other funds which it is hoped will ultimately secure the release from the Reich of 5,000 non-Aryan children and provide for their upbringing in this country preparatory to seeking their fortunes, on reaching maturity, in parts of the world remote from totalitarian anti-Semitism. On no account will the refugees remain here once they are grown up and will thus not constitute a burden on the labour market.

Last week a third party of child refugees arrived at Harwich from north Germany and immediately went to one of the camps prepared for its accommodation. The children are remaining in these camps until homes are found for them and, such is the flow of offers, it will only be a matter of time before all are absorbed into the community.

It is the task of a committee to investigate all the offers that are made and also to co-ordinate matters in such a way that those who are prepared to give clothing, those who are prepared to pay for a child's education, and those who are prepared to provide a child with board and lodging are brought into touch with one another.

The offers of help take a host of forms, one of the most valuable being that of certain schools which have agreed to board and educate children without fee on condition that private individuals take responsibility for them in the holidays.

As noted above, there is a certain amount of criticism to the effect that all this is diverting money from charities belonging essentially to Britain, but it must be said that even if this is so, and it is much to be doubted, the fact remains that there is no bitterness among the poorer folk who in the distressed areas of South Wales and Lancashire have eagerly supported Lord Baldwin's appeal, sending in humble sixpences and often larger amounts accompanied by letters that leave no room for doubt as to their sentiments.

The whole refugee question raises many problems, and not the least of them, from the long-distance point of view, is concerned with the partings and re-unions that must inevitably take place when, in possibly happier times, the German parents come to claim their own. This problem will be particularly acute with the younger children who, coming over here at ages between two and five, must inevitably forget their parents, becoming, indeed, increasingly influenced by English environment.

So pitiful, however, is the plight of these youngsters that for the time being it is perhaps better that a veil be drawn across such complex considerations.

ROME, HOLLYWOOD, AND THE SUEZ CANAL

A Film and High Politics Combine to Bring the Famous "Cut" Into the News Again: What Will Happen When the Concession Expires?

BETWEEN them, Hollywood and Rome are giving the Suez Canal rather a bad time; and of the two, Hollywood is probably the worse offender. Its treatment of great historical events as a variant of *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs* is not even good fun, and if it were it would still be humiliating. Truth is not always amusing, and should never be pursued too rigorously; but in the case of the Suez Canal, its drama beats lies and legend hollow.

Unlike Hollywood's version, Signor Mussolini's has something to be said for it; let us see how much.

He claims representation on the Board of Directors and a tariff reduced so that it allows only a "reasonable" sum over for maintenance purposes and, I suppose, for dividends. It is not the first attack of that kind that has been made on the Suez Canal; the fiercest was in 1930-31, when the Holt Steamship Line raised the question acutely and had it taken up in the House of Lords.

In 1930 freight profits for steamship lines were down to almost nothing, and the Holt Line began its offensive by pointing out to a wide public the following significant facts: That over the period 1925–29 70 per cent. of the receipts of the Suez Canal Company were distributed as dividend and bonus; that during the financial year 1929–30 each of the thirty-two directors received a special bonus payment of £4,000; and that the canal dues paid by the Holt Line during that period represented 14.7 per cent. of the total freight carried.

By ROY ELSTON

In the House of Lords debate which followed it transpired that England's voting powers on the Suez Canal Company's Board were inferior to those of the opposing powers; and the French, who hold the majority of the shares, claimed, not without some justification, that they had borne the brunt of the enterprise and raised the money for it at a time when the rest of the world, led by the British Government, mocked at it; and that now they deserved to pluck the fruits of their courage.

But it was never De Lesseps' intention that the canal should become a gold mine at crippling cost to international shipping; and although the French argument could not be lightly dismissed, it was clear then, as it is now, that some term, or limit, must be put to the fruit-plucking. The powerful press campaign in Great Britain and the action of certain British steamship companies in diverting their ships to the Cape, convinced the Suez Canal Company of the necessity for compromise; and dues were reduced from 6 gold francs 90 to 6 francs 65, and again in 1931 to 6 francs per ton.

The steamship companies were not yet satisfied, and continued their active opposition until, in 1935, the Company reduced its dues from 7s. 6d. per ton (in the meantime sterling had been substituted for francs as the currency of calculation) to 7s. In 1936 it was brought down to 6s. per ton, and recently has been reduced still further to 5s. 9d.

The reductions have not seriously affected the profits of the Suez Canal Company, as will be seen from the following figures of receipts and expenditure:—

1931	Receipts	fr. 979,877,846.	Expenditure	fr. 295,483,418
1935	,,	fr. 927,746,000.	,,	fr. 257,479,000
1937	,,	fr. 1,448,000,000.	,,	fr. 508,000,000

Throughout this period the average dividend paid was 597 francs per ordinary share of 4,775 francs, which is a pretty good return for the money. Throughout the same period, shipping companies using the canal were running, almost without exception, at a loss.

The figures of ships using the canal are interesting. In 1932, England was responsible for 55·5 per cent., Germany for 8·8 per cent., Holland for 8·8 per cent. In 1934, as a result of the Abyssinian conflict, Italy's use of the canal increased considerably, and the percentages became: England 49.78 per cent., Italy 13·70 per cent., Germany 9·18 per cent., Holland 8·67 per cent., France 5·05 per cent.

The increased Italian tonnage and the increased African responsibilities of the Italian State are the natural sources of the present Italian ambition to have a voice in the counsels of the Suez Canal Company, and even to place the company under international control. But there are many sound objections to that.

As a writer recently stated, there is no better reason for placing the Suez Canal under international control than for placing the Panama Canal under international control. Both exist for the benefit of international shipping; but both were highly complicated and costly industrial enterprises, the organisers and supporters of which may be assumed to have rights superior to those who recognised the value of the undertaking very much later. As for the Italians being given representation on the board of the company, that is called for neither by the past record of the existing board nor by the volume of Italian shipping using the canal.

Where the Italian demands are mainly concerned with still further reduction of transit dues, they are likely to find plenty of supporters in other countries. The Dutch and Germans, for example, who together provide something approaching 20 per cent. of the shipping via Suez, claim that the dues are still excessive. It is a claim which the company has to take heed of, especially with the increase of oil-burning freighters. Unlike steamships, these freighters are not bound to bunker-harbours, and can therefore escape the canal dues by making the longer journey round the Cape.

The strategical aspect is a different matter, and if Signor Mussolini wants to upset that, he is likely to be disappointed.

What will happen when the present company's concession expires is another matter, and too far away for reasonable conjecture. The concession was given for ninety-nine years, and ends, therefore, on November 17, 1968. After payment of a sum to cover plant, buildings, etc., the canal will then be handed over to the Egyptian Government; and, running as it does through the sovereign territory of Egypt, it will, one supposes, lose its neutral character. Doubtless it will not pass so easily as that into the sovereign possession of the Egyptian Government. One cannot hope that national covetousness will have ceased in another thirty years; but no matter, we have problems enough in this generation; that one we can leave for solution to those now at school.

Meanwhile, let us be thankful for three things: Disraeli's foresight in buying the hard-up Khedive's shares; the British Fleet dawdling about both ends of the canal; and a friendly Egyptian Government which identifies its foreign interests with ours. The first was achieved by good statesmanship, the second by centuries of patient effort, and the third by good will. So there is the recipe for anyone to adopt.

FOREIGN SURVEY: Events in India, Norway and Spain

KEEPING UP A FAMILY TRADITION: The Maharaja of Travancore driving through his capital as he went to pay a visit to the descendants of Kookkara Potti, the Brahmin priest who 200 years ago saved the life of Marthandi Varma, one of the Maharaja's ancestors, during the tribal wars which preceded the consolidation of the modern state of Travancore. At the time of the incident, Marthandi asked the brave Brahmin what reward he desired and, when the latter requested that the ruler would visit him once every year, he swore a vow that not only he but his descendants would do so

PAGEANTRY IN TRAVANCORE: The state elephants seen as they made their way to the house where the Maharaja, in accordance with a family vow, paid his respects to the descendants of Kookkara Potti, the Brahmin priest who saved the life of his ancestor

THE PROUD DESCENDANTS OF KOOKKARA POTTI, the Brahmin priest who saved the life of one of the early rulers of Travancore, waiting to receive the present Maharaja on his recent visit, an annual event that is invariably attended by much ceremony

On left—WHERE QUEEN MAUD OF NORWAY LAY IN STATE: Akershus Castle, Oslo, the fortress in which the body of the dead Queen was placed before burial so that citizens might file past to pay their last respects. Akershus was built over six centuries ago

RECONSTRUCTION BEHIND THE LINES IN INSURGENT SPAIN is proceeding fast, especially in Andalusia, where General Queipo de Llano, the provincial governor, has had little fighting on his hands and has been able to push ahead with much-needed housing and other reforms. *On the left* is a view of the new housing estate he has built for working-class families on the outskirts of Seville, the properties being available at extremely low rents, even by Spanish economic standards, while *on the right* the General is seen wearing mufti at the opening of a new waterworks, the construction of which he sponsored. In the early stages of the war the General achieved much notoriety by his vituperative broadcasts, but of late it is evident that he has paid attention to the needs of the Andalusians who have given support to the regime

ROAD and RAIL

A Vital Traffic Problem that Demands an Early Solution

By NOEL THOMPSON

BOTH sides of the railways and roads controversy.

"A Square Deal for the Railways," says the Railway Companies Association.

"A Square Deal for the Railways *and* the Roads," says the British Roads Federation.

What are the true facts behind the present agitation of the railways for a "square deal"? In a nutshell it is this. "We are fettered by Acts of Parliament, some of them more than 100 years old. We want, like any business man, to show a simple price list, to make bargains, to carry on an economic trade in carrying freight, unhampered by out-of-date regulations." Very sensible and modest.

"Quite right," say the road hauliers. "Those restrictions should be removed. But not so that you get a monopoly, because we have endless restrictions too. Remove all restrictions on all transport and we are with you heart and soul."

So it is not a fight between the veteran backbone of the nation's transport and the vigorous young competitor? No, not quite. They wish each other well, but their own interests must be safeguarded, and if there are occasional scraps between the outposts, well that is liable to happen even between a Co-operative greengrocer and a small private firm.

What are the figures concerned? They are so vast, and so fascinating, also so numerous, that unless taken like medicine, in small doses, they develop into a drug on the senses. They certainly tended to do so on mine as I made my way from the Railway Companies Association and the British Roads Federation, where archives were laid bare for my inspection.

The railways are Britain's largest private undertaking, with an invested capital of £1,092,543,000. They are the world's largest dock and hotel owners. They own the world's largest electric system (the Southern), most of the world's fastest trains, the largest graving dock (at Southampton), the busiest junction in the world (Clapham Junction, with 2,500 trains in 24 hrs.) and, strangely enough, are Britain's largest owners of road vehicles! Such a concern must command a square deal.

The railways employ 574,521 men and women (I wonder who is the odd one?). The roads transport claim that directly and indirectly—that is at garages, etc.—1,340,000 work for them.

The railways pay millions in rates, the transport of goods by road costs the firms £35,000,000 in taxation. In the last figures available, the roads carried 98,600,000 passengers in the year. The railways carried 1,215,648,000.

Do not let the size of the railway figures cause bias. It is abundantly clear to the unbiased observer that both railways and roads provide an essential service. And both sides make play on this point, taking the recent crisis as an example.

"The railways are rigid and vulnerable in time of war," say the roads transport. "There was a shortage of road transport available in the crisis recently, because we cannot get the vehicles licensed. In fact there has been a falling off in recent months of 2,000 vehicles after a rapid increase over years. From 1927 over 10 years the increase was 224,351 haulage vans and lorries, from 282,905 to 507,256. Road transport is flexible and invaluable."

To which the railway reply is, "Can any other means of transport other than the railways evacuate in 48 hrs. London's millions, Birmingham's millions, Liverpool's millions and millions of others from danger zones? Essential in peace, *vital in war*, dare we let the railways die?"

It may seem exaggeration to talk of the railways dying, but the campaign has been launched at an unfortunate time, in the Christmas season. I have official confirmation that this was because it was so urgent. Even though the public mind was concerned with shopping and festivities, the campaign for a square deal could not be put off.

In the 48 weeks of the year the railway receipts from freight—passengers do not come into the question very much—dropped £4,693,500 from the comparative £48,638,000 over the same period last year.

Say the railways: "There is unlimited coal in Britain in time of national emergency. No blockade could bring *us* to a standstill. In time of war the Navy, Army and Air Force would want large supplies of oil and petrol, and shipping facilities have decreased. Would there be enough left over for commercial, let alone private use? If the railways are to be efficient in time of war, they must be kept efficient in time of peace." A sound argument.

Well, what are the restrictions complained of both by railways and roads?

In 1803 the Surrey Iron Railway from Wandsworth was put by Act of Parliament on a freight-carrying basis taken from canal rates! There were three classes, 1d. a ton in or out of Wandsworth for some goods, 2d. a ton for lime or other stone, 3d. a ton for coal. Note that, three classes. Now, according to the 1921 Act of Parliament, *there are 66 classes and 800,000 standard charges!* These are contained in a closely-printed book of 400 pages and hundreds of order papers. Every railway goods clerk on the system must know these. How can we quote, complain the railways, to a client when it takes days to work out the rates? Railways have to carry whatever is offered. Their competitors on the roads can pick and choose and quote at will. They can carry the full packing cases and send the empties back by rail!

Here are some of the curiosities caused by the railway restrictions—funny, if they were not so true.

Sausage skins are in class 18, but when filled with pork they come under a different rate, class 19. Then I discovered that cats' meat uncooked is class 19, but cooked becomes class 16. Both have an asterisk, which refers to page 193 of the guide, which states that carriage must be prepaid! Then take "twigs, osiers and willows." Two tons, if green, would be in class 10, if brown class 12, and if white class 14. Imagine, the railway companies have to work out and quote on that without delay. Winkles in the shell, class 13; crabs, class 16, are left behind by the oyster, which goes into class 19. The guide book is almost a dictionary, but for some reason tripe is left out.

Could there be a bigger muddle than that? A huge concern with services to offer but unable to do so in less than about 1,000 pages in all.

But the roads have their muddling restrictions too. A horse may travel in his box at 30 miles an hour. Should he die en route he becomes horse-meat, and can legally only be carried at 20 m.p.h., the same speed as cattle or sheep.

In fact, there are now 2,000 offences for which the haulier may be fined, and not only fined but punished twice, for on his next application for his licence to be continued it may be opposed and refused.

And here is the one sore point between roads and railways. If a man, or a firm, wants to run a service of lorries or buses he must apply before an Area Commissioner appointed by the Ministry of Transport. Rival concerns, or the railways, can oppose on the grounds that there is adequate service. In one twelve-month in northern England 68 per cent. of the applications were opposed by the railways. On both sides the legal costs are very high. The railways must have spent hundreds of thousands of pounds in fighting applications.

Take two instances, culled from the records of the British Roads Federation. A Leicester firm wanted to add one 2½-ton lorry to its fleet of four. It cost them £322 17s. 10d. in legal fees, against which they received £60 in costs. They won their case, but were over £260 out of pocket plus the hiring of a vehicle *for 20 months while the hearing and the appeal of the case were heard*. Then there is the case of a South Shields firm who were renewing a licence for carrying fish to London. On appeal the railway companies won, and the licence for the entire fleet of fish-carrying lorries was taken away, weeks later. Now the old-established firm is almost at a standstill. All this is part of a guerrilla warfare bitterly waged and economically suicidal. Restrictions swept away would clear the air almost entirely.

How would you like, as a business man, to quote, as the railways have to do, an economic rate for the transport of goods for, say, Aberdeen, and then receive a demand from another part of the country from a man with the same type of goods, that he wants the same rate? By Act of Parliament the railways must grant this. There must be no preference.

But, say the roads, we have opened up new lines. We have helped the farmers, and in the sugar-beet industry have proved invaluable. We have cheapened transport and made it readily available from farm to factory, or mills to workshop. We shouldn't be employed if we had not provided the service. And to do so, continue the roads, we have first to prove we improve the services. *And* we may have to reveal the exact charges we make, and who are our customers, thereby allowing any competitor to know all the firm's secrets and undercut us. How is that for an imposition and an inquisition?

Another grievance is that the railways pay only 1d. a gallon tax for heavy oil, whereas the road operators pay 9d. a gallon. To balance this, take the figures of what the railways mean to British industry in their *annual* purchases. Some £19,700,000 is spent on the upkeep of track, sidings, signals, etc. That involves 208,000 tons of steel, 4,000,000 sleepers, 1,800 cubic yards of ballast. The railways use 15,017,000 tons of British coal, and 18,431,000 bricks, and 249,000 tons of rails every year. And cloth alone for uniforms comes to the incredible figure of 2,348,000 yards.

For the roads it is not so easy to get the figures. But, as I have said, over a quarter of a million firms are directly concerned, their financial future largely dependent on the issue.

Well, that is the state of affairs.

"No cut-throat competition because you are less restricted than we are," proclaim the railway chiefs. "We'll play fair if we can get rid of the shackles imposed by Parliament, and carry on providing the finest service in the world. Let us get up to date and deal like a business man would."

"Certainly," reply the roads chiefs, "but we've got shackles too. Shed the lot and we'll be working with you."

And if two national services do not get together eventually I shall lose my faith in those great British characteristics, love of liberty and belief in the essential value of compromise. An early solution is absolutely essential.

ROASTED MONKEY-TAILS FOR STOMACH-ACHE

Are Among the Strange Wares Offered in Lagos Market

"IN THE CAULDRON BOIL AND BAKE, EYE OF NEWT AND TOE OF FROG," Shakespeare made one of the witches declare in Macbeth, but the brew of the bard's imagination is no more fantastic than that concocted by the apothecaries of Lagos market, Nigeria, one of whom is seen here with his strange wares. For stomach-ache he particularly recommends roasted monkey-tails, while stork-bill powder, he claims, is an unfailing cure for headaches. Ground-up skulls are also deemed to possess much merit

SOMETHING FOR EVERY AILMENT: A Lagos chemist serving a customer with a lizard prescription as recommended by a native doctor. In these days of psychological enlightenment it is a matter for no surprise that the native chemist's wares often effect cures, for if the patient believes in the medicine half the battle is won

BEWARE THE EVIL LENS: The Lagos chemist believes that if his wares are photographed they will at once lose all their healing powers, and for this reason he vigorously protested when the camera-man ventured to take this shot

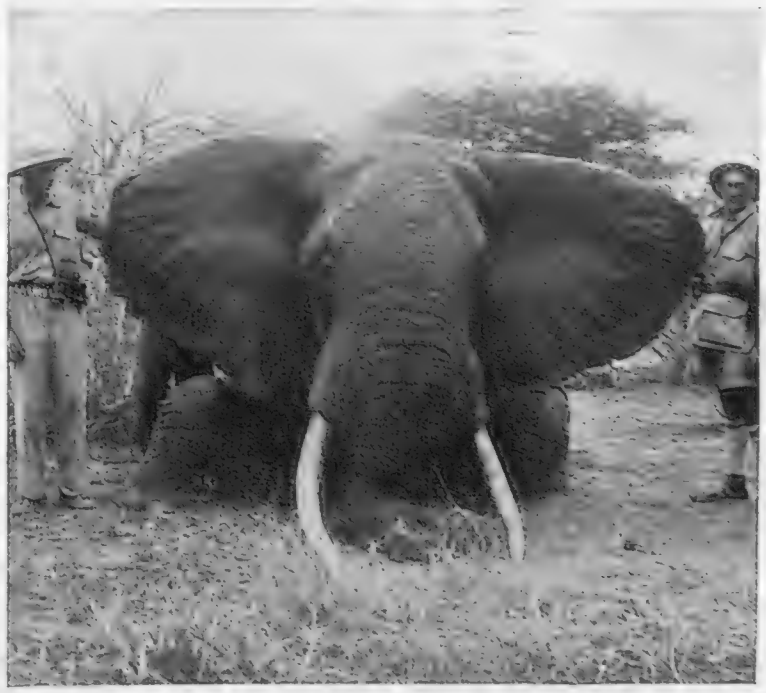
HEALING HERBS AND VEGETABLES displayed on another stall in Lagos market. Many of these have undoubted curative properties, but the superstitious Nigerian has just as much belief in roasted monkey-tails and lizard prescriptions

MALAYAN MONKEYS MAKE BOTANISTS

In Singapore Two of Them Are in Government Service

A UNIQUE ROLE: This pig-tailed monkey is one of two which have entered the employ of the Botanic Garden staff of the Straits Settlements, their function being to collect from the tall trees specimens of flowers, fruits, twigs, and leaves which have so far been unobtainable because of their remoteness from the ground. As a result of this experiment, which is working most satisfactorily, many universities and museums throughout the world will add largely to the number of rare botanical specimens in their collections

HOW THE BOTANIST MONKEYS WORK: The animals, which have been carefully trained, are tied to a string 180 ft. long, which is manipulated on the principle of the fishing-rod. It might be expected that the monkeys would get into difficulties with this long length of string, but they do not do so, for they follow their way back along the same route that they go



ONE BULLET KILLED THIS 5½-TON ELEPHANT, which was accounted for by a Danish big game hunter and is to be stuffed and exhibited in the Zoological Museum, Copenhagen. It will be the second largest stuffed elephant in the world, rivalling the monster in Frankfurt-on-Main Museum

MEMEL TO-DAY

Sights and Scenes in a European Trouble Spot: German Territory that Lithuania Seized

THE ENGLISH CONSULATE: A typical official residence in Memel, the Baltic seaport which formerly belonged to Germany but was detached by the Treaty of Versailles and, by the Convention of 1924, was constituted a unit under the sovereignty of Lithuania

THE MUDDY STREETS OF MEMEL: An unpaved thoroughfare in the seaport city which is far from up to date in its amenities and, indeed, verges in certain directions on the primitive. Memel was founded by the Teutonic Order in 1252 and was later one of the powerful ports of the Hanseatic League. It has had a distinctly chequered history, having been taken on several occasions by Russians and Swedes, while during the great war it was bombarded by the Russian troops

WHERE FRENCH AND LITHUANIANS FOUGHT: The old bridge at Memel was the scene of a brief encounter in January, 1923, when the Lithuanians decided to end the rule of the French High Commissioner, who was acting on behalf of the Allies, and accordingly advanced upon the town which was thinly garrisoned. The coup was successful and since then Lithuania has managed to maintain her authority, but not without the aid of martial law

WHEN THE BOATS COME IN: Picturesquely-clad peasant folk gathered at Memel fish market. Most of Memel's population is German and there was no surprise

SENTINEL OF THE BALTIC: The lighthouse at the end of Memel Mole, and (*on left*) the Exchange where large dealings in timber and grain take place, buyers coming from many parts of western Europe in order to bid. To-day, however, Memel has nothing like the importance it enjoyed at the time of the Hanseatic League

When in 1918 Germany renounced sovereignty over the town and territory, which covers over 1,000 sq. miles, it was first placed under the control of a French High Commissioner who, with a small garrison, governed in the name of the Allies until January, 1923, when the territory was invaded and occupied by the Lithuanians, the coup d'etat being recognised in the following year. Now the Memellanders are demanding the right "to live as a National-Socialist community owing allegiance to the German Führer"

TYPIFYING THE BAROQUE: The palace gates at Memel constitute a fine example of this style of architecture. *Below*—An aerial view of the port which stands at the mouth of the River Dange, and owes the bulk of its modest prosperity to the timber and grain export trade. If Memel should become a part of Germany this would deprive Lithuania of her one and only seaport, and she would be compelled to use the Latvian harbour of Libau

last week when they voted almost solid for Dr. Neumann, Memel's Henlein, who is pledged to the policy of bringing the territory back into the Reich as soon as possible

MODERNITY OVER THE ANTIQUE LAND: A Vickers Valentia machine of No. 216 (Bomber Transport) Squadron flying above the Pyramids of Giza

BRITAIN BESTIRS HERSELF

An Answer to Totalitarians and Others Who Talk in Eager Terms of the Decline and Fall of Empire

By LADY DRUMMOND HAY

THE dictator states, Italy the new Fascist Roman Empire and Nazi Pan-Germany, together with militaristic imperial Japan, have been and still are openly gambling on the "Decline and Fall" of the British Empire.

As the new year foreshadows the Shape of Things to Come, that is to me one of the most significant, certainly one of the most important factors looming on the horizon, which the diplomacy and power of Adolf Hitler, of Benito Mussolini, and the ambitions of Japan want to weave into their pattern of the future.

Envious of the wealth and happiness of the free British peoples, which is a constant reproach to their systems, covetous of British territories, somewhat intoxicated by sensational successes born in part of bold bluff and in part of our own unpreparedness, the Fascist and Nazi regimes are deceiving themselves as to the real sentiment of the British people.

Our love of peace, admittedly sometimes expressed too vehemently, has occasionally been misinterpreted as a manifestation of nation-wide fear. We in England did fear war, if by "fear" is understood a deep-rooted national revulsion against the folly and crime of war. But there was not then, there is not to-day, never has been "fear" to fight for country, Empire and all we hold dear. The spirit of England is very much alive, even though we would rather talk of peace than of war. Those who take the absence of sabre-rattling and truculence as a sign of national cowardice will discover their mistake.

Yet the question is discussed over the world: "Is the British Empire on the decline?" Germans and Italians openly affirm it. Americans suspect it. German and Italian publications discuss it. The question is asked in letters I receive from America, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, Singapore, Hong Kong, India, and Shanghai.

An Englishman, Robert Briffault, living in America, has given impetus to the thought and doubt with a sensational book just out, entitled *The Decline and Fall of the British Empire*.

The author reflects such extraordinary prejudices against England, and goes to such lengths to prove his contention, that it is difficult to believe he can be by birth an Englishman.

Some American newspapers interpret the forthcoming visit of the King and Queen to Canada and the United States next June in the light of a "Royal SOS to America"—that, in effect, it is an appeal to America to "save the British Empire." Some American commentators point to a possibility that England might fall under the domination of the dictators, and go so far as to attribute President Roosevelt's gigantic rearmament programme to that idea, and America's isolation thereby. One writer holds that "only a resurgence of the one-time national spirit of the 'bull-dog breed' sweeping the Empire" can save Britain. Others maintain that Mr. Chamberlain is shrewdly playing for time for two purposes, to increase Britain's defensive strength, and to come to an understanding with America.

President Roosevelt, I have good reason for believing, is far from averse to such an understanding provided it is on a fifty-fifty basis. In view of the growing aggressiveness of the dictator nations, an ever-increasing proportion of the American people are in favour of closer co-operation with Britain, despite the isolationist school of thought.

Since the end of the world war, more particularly since the appearance on the European stage of the dictator powers, Britain's policy has been shaped and fixed by the necessities, limitations, even weaknesses of Empire strategy.

In strong nations, political policy dictates military strategy on land, sea, and in the air. If the reverse is true in England, it is in the circumstances unavoidable for the time being.

It should be recalled that the British Empire extends more than 16,000 miles around the globe, and in Africa this belt is 3,000 miles wide. The Empire embraces ninety-two countries, states, dominions, possessions, provinces, colonies, mandates, dependencies, and protectorates, not to mention those countries such as Egypt, Transjordania, and Iraq, whose protection against foreign invasion is directly or indirectly guaranteed by Great Britain. In the above number I have not counted separately the innumerable Indian states.

British naval strategy is indicated by no fewer than twenty-six naval bases and stations. British Royal Air Force air bases and commercial aerodromes are scattered over a line 11,000 miles long to far off New Zealand. Britain's peacetime military forces on land in this vast Empire number scarcely one-third of Germany's standing army.

That the central government in London in formulating policy, more especially in times of grave international crisis, is necessarily influenced by the advice of the Imperial General Staff and the Admiralty, and must take into consideration the strategical requirements on this, the longest "front" in the world, is obvious.

The problems of naval, military and air strategy for the Empire which from time to time confront the Admiralty and Imperial General Staff and its Chief, Lord Gort, whom I first met in China, 1927, when he was Chief of Staff of the British Expeditionary Force, are more difficult than those which any other nation is called upon to solve.

I was particularly impressed with this thought when early this year (1938), I flew within sight of Malta, saw the Royal Air Force base near Bagdad, and three days later chatted in Singapore with Major-General W. G. S. Dobbie, general officer in command of Singapore fortress and of all the Malay defence forces. By the end of another week I was in Hong Kong, talking to Colonel H. B. Holt, commissioner of defence and security in that vital Empire possession. I had known Colonel Holt when I was in Abyssinia during the war there. He was the British military attaché and I was guest of the Emperor Hailé Sélassié at the latter's military headquarters at Dessie.

There has been a great deal of paper and ink "rearmament" in our Press. Promises and hopes of the headlines and what was printed below them have not always been fulfilled. This has been especially applicable to our air armament. If it has deceived anyone, it has been the British people themselves. Paper pasted over a hole does not long conceal the void.

Necessity of maintaining the military secrets of national defence has furnished ground for rumours and reports exaggerating our weakness in the air. That we are growing stronger is evident from welcome signs that the British lion is bestirring himself and swishing his tail. That is a cheerful promise for the new year.

A pity only that Colonial Secretary Malcolm MacDonald watered his promise regarding the British colonies with the qualification that it is "not now" an issue. I hear from what has hitherto been a well-informed source, that Adolf Hitler also told Mr. Pirow, the South African Minister, on his visit to Der Führer in Berchtesgaden, that his demand for the former German colonies *ist nicht aktuel*, in other words not now timely.

Based on liberty, democracy and freedom, the British Commonwealth may be a loosely-jointed Empire in the eyes of some foreigners, but when danger signals fly, it always has, and will again close up into one solidly united front.

GUARDING THE RAIN FOREST FRONTIER OF THE HIMALAYAS

An Epic Journey in Search of a Possible Way Through to China Told in "The Blind Road"

IN the north-east corner of India, where the great Himalayan range curves to its end in a south-easterly direction, lies the great rain forest belt, a strange meteorological phenomenon known only to a few resident tribes and the British officers and native troops occupying the military posts and guard houses which watch this preposterous frontier. Life under an almost perpetual rainfall is naturally full of strange features; they are admirably described in a thrilling narrative just published by Blackwoods under the title of *The Blind Road*. The author is "Forepoint Severn," a pseudonym which evidently covers the identity of one intimately familiar with this extraordinary world of forest, marsh, and mountain.

The author tells in detail the adventures of a small expedition of Ghurka troopers and Bharua bearers led by himself in the search for a possible "way through" the Himal mountain barrier into China. The natives would not speak, but they carried takin skins on their shoulders. Here was a clue. If the skin of the takin could find its way to the Ketsafuga chiefs, there must be some link with Szechuan. So the expedition sets out to work its way along the twenty-ninth parallel of latitude (another clue) and strike the range at a promising point.

Linked with this expedition is one Drummond, Officer of Pioneers, a lone hand, who penetrates the range from the Chinese side, and discovers the narrow gorge which provides a link between India and China at this point. There is a dramatic meeting which is only the prelude to further adventure. Here is the author's description of the rain forest:

"Solid, impenetrable. Our language has yet to be enriched with an adjective sufficiently descriptive of what rain-jungle can be. From seedlings the shrubs grow to saplings, to trees, to forest giants which, living in their wedged-in mutual protection from destructive wind to an age nowhere else possible, their spreading roots nourished by the richest nitrates and phosphates of the corruption underfoot, presently sink to their end; and, falling among their great-great-grandchildren entangled about their knees, relapse into the surrounding mush, decompose, and themselves become food for other growth. All flesh is grass, and man perishes only to be transmuted into the beasts that fed him; so in the jungle there is no beginning and no end, but a continuous cycle.

"Rain? Whatever name there may be for water upended instead of horizontal. Figures are like the lamp-post to the drunken man, a useful prop, of small value as an illumination: but you may care to know that in our much-abused climate of England a really wet year will produce 30 ins. In the area over which we are looking, twice have I sat under a fall of that number in 24 hrs.: as much as 150 ins. have been measured in a month, and 610 ins. in a year.

"The people chilled to the bone, anæmic, sodden, webby-footed? Not so; the rain is warm; and, for the rest, though some of us have at times noticed a peculiar feeling between the toes as of events impending, I don't think it ever came to anything. Nor is it worth while trying to keep dry. Mackintoshes? Oilskins and sou'westers, as you might imagine? No such thing in all the land. To wear one would be to get as wet, with steamy sweat, inside it as if it had never been put on; and a specialised and unhealthy fug in addition. And since the warm rain never chills you, wet you remain from dawn to dusk."

One of the livelier terrors of the forest was the leech pest, and the worst of his tribe is the tiger leech. But the following description is of the ordinary everyday leech.

"Leeches were, indeed, our major preoccupation. Great belts of jungle, with sharply-defined limits, were infested by them. And when I say infested I mean that the plague was in myriads past counting or estimation. The leech is a thin, black, gelatinous and extremely elastic pest about as long and thick as a wax vesta. His habitat is the ground; but his favourite roosting-place is the tip of a blade of grass or the prolongation of a small twig, adhering to which by the twisted tip of his butt-end he will remain erect and dead-still, possibly for hours, it may well be for days or weeks. I dunno; I never watched one long enough to see.

"But he has no organs or sight, smell or hearing. On the other hand, he has a voracious sixth sense which can spot blood, if under a skin, at a range of several inches; or, if it is free and running on the surface, of at least 2 ft. At this he will dart with a concentrated and uncannily furious determination, and no obstacle will stop him. Find him, sitting up like a begging spaniel, rigid on a grass tip by the side of the path. Not a move, now, very cautiously and quietly, approach your finger-tip to his head. Twelve inches, eight inches, nearer, nearer—still immobile, apparently frozen stiff. Now watch, nearer, nearer—suddenly, flick! he darts like a striking snake and in a split second is clinging to your finger-tip. By an almost immeasurable margin, you have entered the range of his blood-consciousness. A tiger could not be quicker."

The expedition is nearly brought to a tragic end by the lack of salt, some essential baggage having been stolen by Ketsafugas at the crossing of a gorge. But whether faced by starvation or the terrors of hook cane, the party fights on and the reader cannot rest until the final chapter is reached.

WITH "SPHERE" READERS IN THE HIMALAYAS

Camera Studies Taken on Holiday in the Mountains

REST ON THE NORTHWARD TREK: Nomadic Himalayan tribesmen (gaddis) pictured in a cave on the slopes of the Dhaula Dhar where they are wont to spend a few days before making the final ascent of the range during their annual journey from the grazing grounds of Kangra, where they spend the winter, to those of Chambra, where they spend the summer. When they reach this point they have to collect quite a large supply of fodder for the herds and food for themselves as on the higher slopes none is available. This picture was taken by N. L. Gordon, a "Sphere" reader, during a stay in the Kangra region of the Himalayas which is often visited by the more adventurously-inclined officers and civil servants in India when on short leave

BENEATH THE GREAT BARRIER OF THE DHAULA DHAR, an offshoot of the even mightier Himalayan range, the nomadic tribesmen graze their herds of long-haired goats, animals which form their principal possession in that they provide them with milk and clothing. Here the nomads rest during the winter and then, when summer comes along, they trek northwards through the passes

NEAR THE WORLD'S ROOF: The towering Kolahoi peak (17,799 ft.) and glacier—a highly popular objective of trekking parties. It lies at the head of the Lidder Valley in Kashmir

Below—THE RUSHING TORRENT OF THE SIND: A fine picture of the great river in the neighbourhood of Sonamarg, Kashmir, a favourite camping country. At first glance the dramatic scenery might easily be mistaken for that of British Columbia

"Among the many attractions of that beautiful country of Kashmir, which include golf, shooting, fishing, and house-boating, trekking into the high hills of the Himalayas with a camera is considered by many to be the most diverting way of spending one's leave," writes Major W. D. Joyce, a "Sphere" reader in India, who took the picture reproduced above and that on the left. "There are many routes from which to choose, and the scenery everywhere is of enchanting loveliness. Treks of 200 miles in easy stages of ten to fifteen miles a day at high altitudes can be quite strenuous, but make a delightful holiday and a wonderful change away from the dust, heat, and turmoil of the plains"

HONG KONG HEARS THE GUNS

And Refugees Pour in from the Chinese Hinterland

THE BREAD LINE: Chinese youths waiting for an issue of food on arrival in the British territory of Hong Kong whither they had fled with their parents as Japanese troops swept through Kwangtung. Hong Kong, which has been within earshot of the guns, is to-day thronged with refugees and the authorities are being hard put to it to provide for the population as the colony has in the past bought its meat and vegetables from the hinterland where war is now raging

THE TIDE OF LIFE RETURNS TO CANTON: A Japanese soldier handing a sweet to a Chinese child as, perched on his mother's back, he was brought back to the city after the Japanese had made arrangements for citizens to return to their homes or what was left of them. Electric light has been restored in the city and the military have posted notices that street sales of looted goods must cease

When Canton fell several weeks ago it was widely felt that opposition in Kwangtung had been crushed and that Japan was master of the south. The Chinese, however, have shown remarkable recuperative powers, and last week they fought with such determination that they recaptured Waichow and Poklo, two cities lying some 60 miles east of Canton and an almost equal distance to the north of the British colony of Hong Kong. As they retreated to the interior the Japanese blew up all bridges behind them, including the big new bridge at Waichow.

CHINA'S DEARTH OF DOCTORS is a serious matter, but in the Province of Hunan, where this picture was taken, much is being done to rectify the situation, large numbers of young men attending regular classes in first aid where they are shown how to make emergency dressings and in other ways how to care for the wounded before reaching base hospitals

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KITTENS PAINTED BY AN EMPEROR

These two reproductions, showing kittens in a garden, form part of a single scroll Emperor Hsuan Tsung (A.D. 1399—A.D. 1435), ruler of the Ming dynasty, who w as will be seen, was a craftsman with a wonderfully delicate touch. The scroll is

THE magnificent reproductions on these pages appear in "Early Chinese Paintings From the A. W. Bahr Collection," a book by Osvald Siren which has lately been published by the Chiswick Press in an edition limited to 750 copies.

The book was designed as a cross-cut through the long evolution of Chinese painting, and in his commentary Mr. Siren declares that when looking at these gems of Oriental art "one may indeed realise that in spite of all the diversity of schools and manners, which succeeded each other at the various periods, the underlying current in Chinese painting remained the same all through the ages; all the artists drew their ultimate inspiration from the same source of creative idealism."

A DREAM COLLECTION

Something Fine from Every Period

(A review of the book appears on another page in this issue)

Many will particularly ad mire the s this page, entitled "Spring Play in a P silk, being 8 ft. 8½ ins. wide by 1 ft. perfect state of preservation. It is in that it is a work by the most promine the Ming dynasty.

"Fishes in an Inlet of Shallow W able work. It is painted in ink and the fact that it is stained by moistu position bears witness to a remarkable pictorial atmosphere.

...ting and are the work of the ...ply interested in painting and, ...n the A. W. Bahr collection

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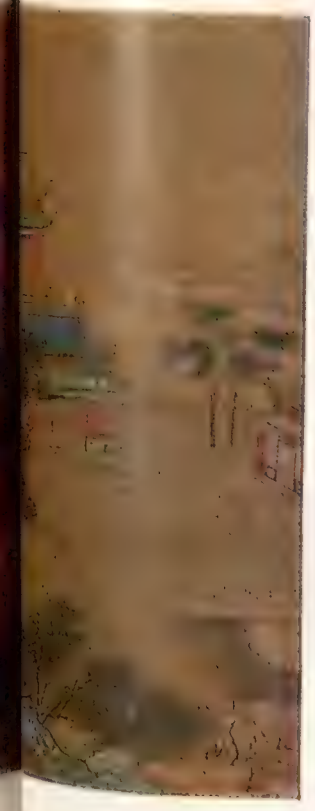

The CHARM *of* CHINESE PAINTINGS *on* SILK

Some Wonderful Examples from the A. W. Bahr Collection, an Illustrated Record of Which Has Just Been Published in a Limited Edition : A Cross-cut of Early Chinese Craftsmanship

On left — "*SPRING MORNING AT THE PALACE OF THE HAN EMPERORS*" : *This magnificent painting on silk is the work of Chao Po-Chu, a painter of the twelfth century and a prominent member of the Southern Sung Academy*

Above — "*FISHES IN AN INLET OF SHALLOW WATER*" : *This delicate painting is in the stylistic tradition of the Northern Sung Academy. It was painted by Liu Chieh who served as a court painter in the Chia Ching period (1522–66) and received the rank of an officer in the Imperial Guard*

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DRIVING FORCE FOR AN OCEAN GIANT: Some of the new Cunard White Star liner *Mauretania's* machinery being prepared for installation in the engine shops of Messrs. Cammell Laird's shipyard at Birkenhead where the vessel is now well on the way towards completion. Owing to the efficiency of super-heated steam and modern boilers, which take up less than half the space that would have been occupied by boilers to drive the ship had she been built in the days of the old *Mauretania*, the new *Mauretania* will have but six Yarrow boilers with superheaters in two stokeholds. Her speed will be 22 knots

MIGHTY ENGINES for the "MAURETANIA"

. . .

An American Cargo Ship With Nickel-lined Holds

RIBLESS AND RIVETLESS: This curious ship, the *Dolomite IV*, seen lying at her moorings in New York, is fashioned entirely of welded steel and has holds lined with nickel, the latter feature enabling her to carry in bulk cargoes of acid and lye (solution of alkaline salts). Before putting to sea she will be equipped with a deck house

THE STERNWHEELER "CAPITOL": A typical river-craft on the Mississippi at New Orleans

LAST *of the* SHOWBOATS

A Great Era Finally Reaches Its End on the Mississippi

A GOOD many years ago, a very young girl made her New York debut at the old Fourteenth Street Theatre. It was the first time she had ever acted on any stage other than a showboat. Her name was Minnie Maddern. She was destined to become as immortal in the annals of the American stage as Mrs. Fiske. She was to become the chief American exponent of the plays of Henrik Ibsen. And she was to do possibly as much as any other artiste, with her devotion to realism, to put an end to the flamboyant acting that characterised the American theatre throughout the nineteenth century and the early part of the twentieth. And she was the product of the showboats that plied the Ohio and the Mississippi for years as purveyors of "the drama" to the river towns that were unconnected with any railroad. The best picture of such a town, its life and its isolation, is found in Mark Twain's famous novel, *Puddinhead Wilson*.

The last showboat has just been taken off the Mississippi, having succumbed to the cinema and the radio. Its passing marks the end of one of the most colourful and most historic institutions in the United States. Along with the "road show," glorified by Mrs. Fiske, who travelled from town to town the country over, it has gone down before the impact of the machine. The country has undoubtedly lost a great deal that was "folk" and that was genre.

These showboats would set out from Pittsburgh on the Ohio, or from St. Louis on the Mississippi, and eventually reach New Orleans. They would plan to reach the lower Mississippi when the cotton-pickers were drawing their pay. Tying up to a wharf, they would stage their performances. The members of the company lived on the boat, and often exercised many functions besides that of acting. They were usually required to "double in brass," that is, to play in the band; and the band paraded through the town, either once or twice a day, to advertise the showboat.

This was not a mere walk. It was a show in itself. Parading called for showmanship, and the gait, the posture, the demeanour of a "real trouper" evidenced the fact. The parade was so "thrilling" to the townsfolk, eager for pageantry, that the population easily followed the band in its final flourish exeunt march past the ticket booth and on to the boat. As a rule, at evening, the band gave a formal concert in the public square. Hogs might be wallowing in convenient mudholes after rain, but the band never lost any of its dignity. The "concert" was an event. The cornet was commonly a silver cornet.

The plays offered were simple and "clean," if somewhat elementary and boisterous, comedies, free from any salacious implication; or they were melodramas with a high moral tone, in which the only allusion to sex was the kiss bestowed by the hero on the heroine as the curtain fell on the last act. The people of the river towns wanted nothing "improper," and would endure nothing improper. When a showboat was in town over Sunday, all of the "ladies and gentlemen of the company" went to church, and ostentatiously deposited quarters in the collection plate. The minister usually did his part by saying that he had no objection to "clean amusement," and that, "since the actors were obviously Christian ladies and gentlemen," he hoped that all of his parish would enjoy the performance.

In the melodramas the heroine was almost always a simple, innocent country girl, beguiled by a villain, who was invariably from the city, wealthy and handsome. In the end she always married the country bumpkin who had no wiles of wooing, but who proved to be sterling, although he generally laboured through most of the play under suspicion of wrongdoing of which he was innocent. Frequently the villain was a rapacious landlord who held a mortgage on the old homestead, but who was ready to forgive and forget if the beautiful maiden would only consent to marry him. She, in the meanwhile, was usually in love with the rustic but glorious country boy who was poverty-stricken until the last act revealed that the wicked landlord, who was also the trustee of the boy's estate, was wrongfully withholding funds that belonged to the hero.

In other cases, a river town feud was the theme. (Again, see Mark Twain, this time *Huckleberry Finn*.) The hero and heroine were members of feuding families who wanted to bring the feud to an end. The villain was usually the eldest brother of the heroine, who wanted to carry the feud to a bitter end, and exterminate all of the members of the hero's family.

A notable characteristic of the showboat audiences was that they wanted to see the same plays over and over again, year after year, and they wanted them performed precisely as they had been performed the first time they saw them. If an actor's lines were changed, or if a situation were changed, memories proved to be painfully acute. The box-office was informed that "that wasn't the way they used to play it." This was really a serious matter, and the text of plays, and the business, became practically canonical.

Sometimes the entertainment offered by showboats approximated variety or vaudeville. Hypnotists appeared on the bill; also magicians and phrenologists. Very often "medicine" was sold, ranging from "hair tonic" and "corn (or bunion) cures" to nostrums that were supposed to cure anything from hang-nails to housemaid's knee.

Nelson Springer

CHRISTMAS MASQUE AT THE COURT OF KING CHARLES II

A Production Upon Which the Most Liberal Modern Censor Would Quite Certainly Have Frowned

QUITE contrary to the impression created by illustrated calendars, Christmas in the days of highwaymen and periwigs was not often celebrated with much festivity. In diaries of the period there is seldom any particular record of the day. King Charles II, however, was not the man to let slip any occasion for merriment. So it is not surprising to find in John Evelyn's diary, under date December 15, 1674, this entry,

> Saw a comedie at night at Court, acted by the ladies onely, amongst them Lady Mary and Ann, Royal Highnesses daughters.

His Royal Highness was, of course, the Duke of York, afterwards known as James II. His two daughters, we know, came to reign over England in their own right.

The comedy was a masque or pastoral entitled *Calisto, or the Chaste Nymph*. It was written by John Crowne, probably at the King's suggestion, round a tale from Ovid's *Metamorphoses*. Jupiter, in the Latin original, successfully lays siege to Calisto, one of Diana's attendants, in the guise of her mistress. The English author in his preface to the printed edition of the play complains that so little time was given him to write it. "I was allowed," he says, "but seven persons, of whom only two were to appear in men's clothes." He stresses the difficulty of writing "a clean, decent and inoffensive play on the story of a rape," so that he should not write what might be unfit for princesses and ladies to speak and a court to hear. He made Jupiter fail in his design, and virtue was shown triumphant; which did not happen often at the court of Charles II. But the most liberal of censors would find it hard to pass his lines to-day, and most of us would jib at those addressed in the epilogue to the King—

> You, Sir, such blessings to the world dispense,
> We scarce perceive the use of Providence.

The cast was as follows:

CALISTO, a chaste and favourite nymph of Diana, beloved of Jupiter - - - - - - - - H.H. the Lady Mary
NYPHE, her sister - - - - - - H.H. the Lady Ann
JUPITER - - - - - - - - Lady Henrietta Wentworth
JUNO - - - - - - - - - The Countess of Sussex
PSECAS, an envious nymph beloved of Mercury Lady Mary Mordaunt
DIANA - - - - - - - - - - Mrs. Blagg
MERCURY - Mrs. Jennings, maid of honour to the Duchess of York

Assisted by the Duke of Monmouth, Lord Dumblaine, Lord Daincourt, various noblemen and gentlemen, Mrs. Davis, Mrs. Knight, Mrs. Butler and others.

They are all in Gramont's *Memoirs*. The Lady Mary, to whom that not too squeamish age assigned the role of the persecuted nymph, was then only thirteen years of age. Her sister was two years younger. The Countess of Sussex was Charles's daughter by the Duchess of Cleveland. Lady Mordaunt, heiress of the Earl of Peterborough. For the two girls who took male parts, very different destinies were reserved. Sarah Jennings lives in history as the wife of John Duke of Marlborough. Henrietta Wentworth, at this time in her eighteenth year, was to die of a broken heart six months after the execution of her lover, the Duke of Monmouth. It is not unreasonable to suppose that this luckless pair met here for the first time, when the Duke took part in a minuet introduced into the prologue. "Moll Davis," who is here ranked among the "also-rans," or supers, was the rival of Nell Gwynn and appeared as the River Thames.

SARAH JENNINGS, who was destined to be the bride of the warrior Duke of Marlborough, took the part of Mercury in the Christmas masque described on this page

But what was Mrs. Blagg, afterwards Lady Godolphin, doing in this gallery?—she who was canonised by Evelyn for her piety and incomparable virtue. Though "never was anything more charming and more a divertisement than to hear her at any time recite or read a dramatic poem," she had forsworn all worldly pleasures and never willingly saw a play at a theatre. It cost her many tears, her friend and adopted father goes on to tell us, to find herself now an actress. She yielded, no doubt, to the persuasion of the Queen, whose maid of honour she had lately been; and also, Mr. Evelyn is constrained to admit, partly out of anxiety about the gift regularly bestowed on maids retiring from court, the amount of which in her case had not yet been fixed.

Between the acts, far from joining the other ladies in idle chit-chat, she occupied herself with a book of devotions. Some £300 had been spent on her costume and she had on her nearly £20,000 worth of jewels. Thus arrayed, she seemed to Evelyn a saint in glory abstracted from the stage. "At the repetition of the Pastoral," continues the diarist under date December 22, "she lost one jewel worth £80 borrowed of the Countess of Suffolk. The press was so great 'tis a wonder she lost no more. The Duke of York made it good."

It is hard to picture Diana so expensively and elaborately dressed. When the principal boy, Henrietta Wentworth, pronounced the fulsome address to the King, quoted above, she tore off the headdress of the god and proclaimed herself a nymph. Possibly she shook down her long curls. But to judge from the quantity of stuffs used in dressing the characters, modesty was cared for more by the producer than by the author.

Edmund B. d'Auvergne

LONDON REVELS: *Preparing for the Chelsea Arts Ball and Other Attractions*

ART FOR ARTISTS' SAKES: Miss Doris Zinkeisen seen as she worked on her preliminary sketch for the giant backcloth for the Chelsea Arts Ball

"PHYSICAL PERFECTION" is the theme of this great backcloth designed in her well-known stylistic manner by Miss Doris Zinkeisen for the Chelsea Arts Ball. This function will, as heretofore, take place at the Albert Hall but it will be a day earlier than usual on account of the fact that New Year's Eve is followed by a Sunday

SLIM LOVELINESS: Miss Adele Dixon, of the cast of *The Fleet's Lit Up*, posing as Physical Perfection—this year's theme for the Chelsea Arts Ball

OSTRICH FEATHERS, BLACK SILK STOCKINGS, ELBOW-LENGTH GLOVES, AND LONG-HANDLED PARASOLS, in fact all the paraphernalia that thrilled the '80's and '90's, are being worn by these girls in "Grandfather's Follies," the new cabaret attraction at Grosvenor House

A KNOCKABOUT EXPERT: Albert Austin, Senr., is one of the clowns chosen to take part in this year's circus at Olympia, which as usual includes star turns from all parts of the world

On right—REHEARSING FOR THE FLYING BALLET, a spectacular item in the Christmas pantomime at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, the first to be held there for many years. Heading the cast are Nelson Keys, George Jackley, Polly Ward and Patricia Burke. On page 523 of this issue will be found reproductions of some of the remarkably fine settings which have been devised for the show

MORE OF LAKELAND FOR THE NATION: Birkrigg Farm in the beautiful Newlands Valley, near Keswick, which has been placed under restrictive covenant with the National Trust, thus ensuring that no unsightly building development shall in any way come to mar its natural charm

HIKERS ONLY: The route through the beautiful Manifold Valley, which was previously an L.M.S. railway track, was gifted some time ago to the Staffordshire County Council so that it might be preserved from development. Now, under a Ministry of Transport order, all vehicles, including bicycles, have been banned from the track, despite the plea of certain of the local residents. This picture was taken at the former wayside station of Wetton Mill

NEWS FROM THE PROVINCES

On left—
A BARON OF BEEF ROASTING ON THE SPIT before a roaring fire at Dr. Thomas White's Almshouses, Temple Church, Bristol, where on December 21 every year the Governors dine in state with the Lord Mayor and other civic dignitaries of Bristol. Meanwhile in the Common Room downstairs the feast is laid for the old folk, the Archdeacon presiding and cutting the giant baron of beef which is eaten with pease pudding. Afterwards a monster pie is served, containing, in accordance with tradition, 99 apples and 1 quince

A WONDER COLLECTION OF CHINESE PAINTINGS

Treasures of Oriental Art from the Tenth Century Until the End of the Ming Dynasty

(See centre double page of this issue)

IF it could be possible to fulfil the dream of a collector of paintings in China, perhaps we should see a collection equal to those shown in the volume by Osvald Sirén which has just been published in a limited edition by the Chiswick Press. The book is called *Early Chinese Paintings from the A. W. Bahr Collection*, and includes something representative of the style of many of the great Chinese painters from the tenth century until the end of the Ming dynasty. Outstanding examples of these paintings will be found elsewhere in this issue.

In no art does the imagination have greater liberty than in Chinese painting. We may regard this book as a personal collection of dream pictures, and create in it a purely imaginary world of fantastic, delightfully-coloured landscape—Buddhist saints and sages, birds and flowers. For the colour reproductions are delightfully soft, giving the impression that we are separated from this world of phantasy by a veil which, if we knew how, could be removed to give us freedom to take pleasure with the fishes in the pond or to awake T'ang Yin's lady who is sleeping on a leaf. Perhaps in this way we could enjoy the book more than Mr. Bahr enjoys his collection. For close scrutiny of a Chinese painting often reveals more defects than delights, and who knows what a critical eye and lens, in a cold unflattering light, might see? But who wishes to know?

By
A. D. BRANKSTON

The paper, printing and general format all tend to seduce the critical eye, and we are inclined to accept the colour plates as finalities and to forget that real silk and pigment paintings exist with seals and signatures that should be magnified, read and ponderously subjected to doubts and cautious criticism. Another problem is to guess what the painting looked like in its original condition. For, although silk paintings under favourable conditions may survive for more than 1,000 years, the colour of the silk slowly changes from cream-white to brown, and so the freshest landscape is changed at length into a mysterious and romantic painting.

But here in this volume the scholars are baffled; most of the seals are unreadable, the usual testimonials, with which a Chinese painting is often plastered, are omitted entirely in the reproductions, and although reference is made to them in the text there is not one Chinese character in the text and descriptions which accompany each example. This, of course, is excellent in many ways and shows that Mr. Bahr has had the courage to use his eyes and to collect good paintings for their own sakes and not for the sometimes tedious opinions and verses which add nothing to their artistic value.

Seals and signatures are sometimes not only instructive but beautiful, and a detail reproduced full size, or larger if the painting can stand it, often reveals more than the whole on a greatly reduced scale. But this is a foolish complaint, because the cost and size of the book would have been impossible and its romantic quality would have been lost.

We cannot attempt to judge the collection of Mr. Bahr by looking at this book; we can imagine what it might be like, for most of us that will have to suffice, and take pleasure in being less critical and more fanciful.

Some of the paintings were shown at the International Exhibition of Chinese Art at Burlington House in the winter of 1935. Among these was T'ang Yin's "Lady Asleep on a Leaf," a slight but delightful painting. Part of an inscription, which is not reproduced, is translated by Dr. Sirén "—As she stood leaning on the balustrade she suddenly observed some fan-like leaves. She asked her maid to cut them down and spread them like a bamboo mat. And there she slept and dreamed the dream of Kao-t'ang—now far away, enwrapped in boundless mist and clouds; a lovely place no longer to be seen or reached." So if from this, with its flavour of honey-dew and paradise, we turn back to "Spring Morning at the Palace of the Han Emperors," we may escape into a world of fairy-tale fantasy, which is one angle at least from which to approach Chinese paintings.

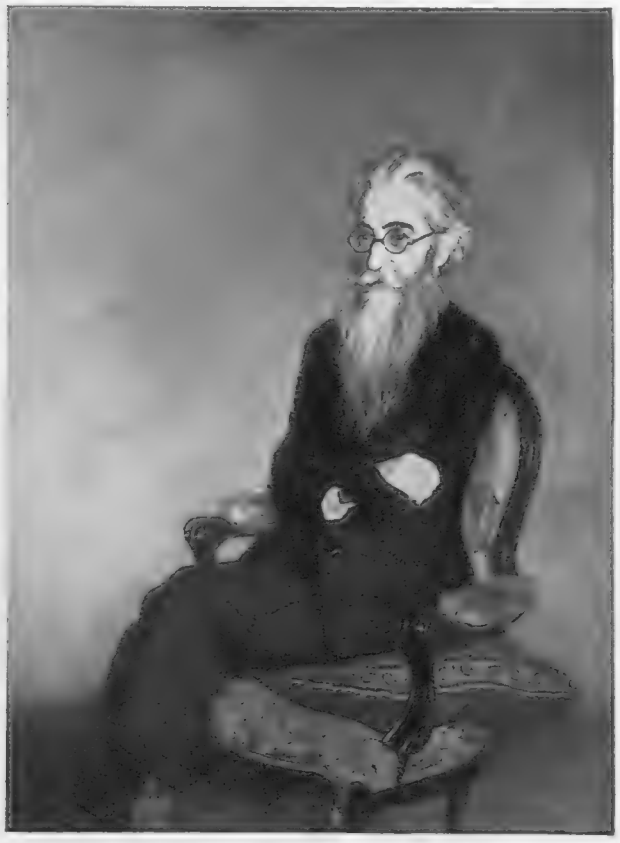
The scroll painting of kittens at play among flowers is interesting in another sense. It is attributed in the catalogue, and also by authorities in Japan, to the Emperor Hsüan Tsung, who reigned under the title Hsüan-tê from 1426 until 1435. It is one of three known paintings which have reasonable claim to be the work of this emperor. The Hsüan-tê period is recognised as the classic period for blue-decorated porcelain and the imperial wares for ritual use are among the finest achievements of the Chinese potter. The inscription says that the scroll was painted in the third month of the spring of the fourth year of Hsüan-tê, that is, in 1429, in the Wu Ying Tien, a palace which is still in good preservation in Peiping.

Mr. Bahr and Dr. Osvald Sirén have created something fresh and rare in this delightful and romantic picture-book and have succeeded admirably in their main intention which "has been to illustrate, as far as possible, various types and successive periods in the development of Chinese painting."

The FACE of SPAIN

Ignacio Zuloaga, Exponent of the Grand Manner, Exhibits His Art in London for the First Time

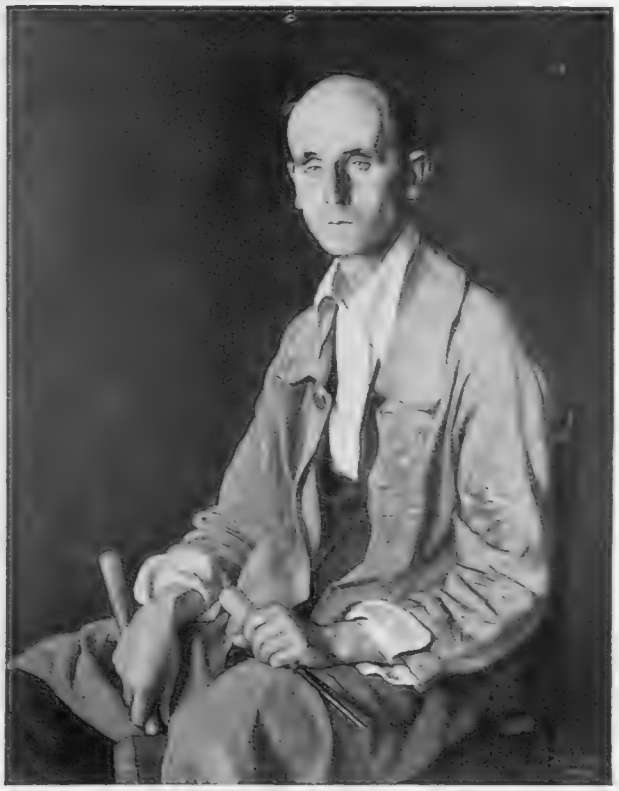
"IGNACIO ZULOAGA AND HIS FAMILY": A masterful study by Ignacio Zuloaga, the veteran Spanish painter, who is holding his first exhibition in this country at the New Burlington Galleries. He is essentially a painter in the grand manner and this collection of forty-four canvases, thirty of which are portraits, clearly keeps alive the great Spanish tradition. Senor Zuloaga was born in the Basque country



"VALLE INCLAN": Ignacio Zuloaga's portrait of a noted contemporary writer; a picture that exemplifies the artist's grand manner, in which he undoubtedly scales spectacular artistic heights though, in the opinion of certain of the critics, descending at times into the pitfalls of over-emphasis

"MONSIEUR DE HUARTE, CHEVALIER DE MALTE": A detail of one of Zuloaga's portraits at the New Burlington Galleries. *Below*—Manuel de Falla, the composer. A portrait with a landscape background

HERO OF THE BULL-RING: Portrait of Juan Belmonte, who has very nearly 4,000 bulls to his credit, and has acquired a great fortune. *Above on right*—The sculptor Beobide



The face of Spain, before the torment and the horror of the civil war and as one day it may be again, the Spain where art and letters flourish, has no finer living interpreter than Ignacio Zuloaga whose one-man exhibition at the New Burlington Galleries serves to introduce his genius to British art lovers for the first time. Zuloaga is clearly a painter in the grand manner, striking the heroic note in his bold canvases, and, as one critic has put it, the Baroque sweep of El Greco, the drama of Zurbaran, the realism of Velazquez, and the robustiousness of Goya, all find a place in his art, though there are times when he does not avoid the pitfalls that beset the grand-mannerist's path. Zuloaga has for long been a fervent admirer of El Greco and, side by side with his own works, he is showing that master's famed composition, "Profane Love," which has never before been publicly displayed

On right—AGA LAHOWSKA AS CARMEN: A noted Spanish actress in the role of the bewitching gipsy girl immortalised in opera

HOW "THAT CERTAIN AGE" WAS FILMED: A picture taken on the set at Universal Studios as cameraman Joe Valentine, posed with his crew on their travelling crane, took an overhead shot of Melvyn Douglas and Deanna Durbin who team together in this new film which was recently presented at the Leicester Square Theatre. On the couch in the foreground is director Edward Ludwig

On left—BACK-STAGE STUFF: Isabel Jeans, George Brent, Kay Francis, and Ian Hunter make a well-blended quartette in the clumsily named film *Secrets of an Actress* which had its premiere at the Warner Theatre, Leicester Square, on December 16. The story is distinctly conventional, a respect in which Kay Francis has often been unlucky during her career and it is quite remarkable how her acting ability time and time again makes box-office successes

On left—TWO AND TWO AND TWO MAKE SIX: Merle Oberon, Patsy Kelly, Mabel Todd, Gary Cooper, Walter Brennan, and Fuzzy Knight make up the three couples in this Florida beach scene from Samuel Goldwyn's latest film, *The Cowboy and the Lady*, which will be a forthcoming attraction at the Gaumont Cinema, Haymarket

On Stage and Screen

SHOULD EACH THEATRE HAVE A SE

The Pros and Cons of A Current Controversy: One Reaso Why the Actor-Manager No Longer Looms Large in British Dram

By PHILIP PAGE

WHY eyes should have been opened and references made to sepulchral Tree-turning over the fact that His Majesty's Theatre now houses a film I know not. I recall a film at Drury Lane over twenty years ago in the old "silent" days (and a very good film it was) by name *Intolerance*. I saw it over a hundred times, not because it was as good as all that but because I conducted the orchestra (and a very good orchestra it was). Films have been shown at the Albert Hall and at Covent Garden, and even for that matter in churches.

Yet this seems to be an occasion for a note on the change of theatrical policy in recent years. In the case of most theatres it is long since there has been any settled policy at all. The Gaiety remains faithful to musical-comedy and the Strand to farce, but there the list ends. I have just walked down the Haymarket to find bills announcing a revival of *Charley's Aunt* plastered on what used to be known as "the premier comedy theatre of the world"—which, indeed, was the case. Doubtless old gentlemen in club arm-chairs are mumbling about the shades of the Bancrofts. A revue is shortly to be produced at the St. James's, and probably rather younger old gentlemen are referring to the shade of George Alexander, though this is not the first time this theatre has gone musical, for a musical-comedy—*Valentine*—was produced there in 191 And the Adelphi is soon become a music-hall.

The moaning about the lack of settled policy—i that each theatre in Lon must always go on producing exactly the same type of play it has accustomed to produce—is a mystery to me. I cannot see why it shou be reckoned a catastrophe—and I have as much reverence for tradit as anybody and rather more than most people—that a farce shou follow a gory melodrama in the same theatre, or that Shakespea should be succeeded by a revue. The only thing that is essential a all-important is that it should be a good farce, a good revue, and good melodrama.

This talk about sacrilege, or semi-sacrilege, in the case of bric and-mortar is just nonsense. A frequent and a strange argument the sacrilege-school is that a man returning to London after a absence abroad does not know where to go to find the sort of sho he wants, that he is in a state of bewilderment because he arrives at the Adelphi and discovers a musical-comedy there instead of melodrama of his youth. "What a dilemma!" it is wailed. "W is he to do?" Since he has obviously not had the gumption to a paper and to cast his eye down the theatre advertisement colu he should have stayed abroad; this country has already quite adequate supply of nit-wits.

In one respect, however, the disappearance of the settled p is a matter for regret, for with it has disappeared almost entirely actor-manager. There is a tendency to-day to disparage the act managers, particularly on the part of those who never saw them It is said that they were a vain and selfish gang who produced pl largely from a sense of exhibitionism, that they were greedy of the limelight and unwilling to let any member of their company have share in it. That is grossly untrue. They engaged able companies and famous leading ladies; they (at any rate in most cases) produced their plays with artistic care and frequently with lavishness. If th were not 100 per cent. idealists they certainly had their ideals; and they were in the business primarily in order to earn their bread-and butter they can hardly be blamed for that.

One need not be a stick-in-the-mud *laudator temporis acti* maintain that the British drama was none the worse for Irving the Lyceum, Tree at His Majesty's, Alexander at the St. James's Wyndham at the Criterion, Cyril Maude at the Haymarket, Bourchier at the Garrick and Charlie Hawtrey at the old Avenue. Indeed, I venture to think that it was considerably the better.

"The Great Waltz" (Film).—The trouble about *The Great Waltz* is not that it is at His Majesty's Theatre but that it is not a great film. It belongs to the "famous musician" category, which needs more careful handling than it receives here. But it has manifestly cost a great deal of money, and the Hog-wasch (although the director is M. Julien Duvivier) has been laid on in heavy slabs, with a large and generous brush. According to the programme £70,000's worth of violins were borrowed for use in the orchestra. Whether it cost £70,000 merely to hire them is

A NEW SAVOYARD SOPRANO: Betty Roberts dressed for her part in *The Pirates of Penzance*. She is one of the latest recruits to Gilbert and Sullivan and will shortly be leaving with the D'Oyly Carte Company for the United States where another extensive tour is to be made, starting at the Martin Beck Theatre, New York City. Throughout last week the company was playing at the People's Palace, Mile End Road

LED POLICY?

t quite clear; if so, I should have ught that for that sum a fair number Strads, or near-Strads, could have en bought outright.

I have seen on stage or screen Wagner, Beethoven, Mozart, Schubert, Paganini, Liszt (lots of times, including a fleeting appearance ite recently at this very theatre), Chopin, and Mendelssohn—though t, oddly enough, the mighty Handel, "the daddy of the lot." In this se the hero is a somewhat lesser musical light—Johann Strauss, though did write that ageless favourite, the "Blue Danube" waltz, which is igger achievement than is generally imagined. The American flavour the story consists in the fact that historical accuracy is thrown to the inds, that excessive time is devoted to flat-footed sentimentality and at, as I have indicated, the cost has been prodigious. But those costly uildings of old Vienna are undeniably effective, and the crowd scenes are a movement and a gaiety about them, enhanced by the lilt of some the best light music ever written, which set off the owlish solemnity of e love stuff.

M. Fernand Gravet does not look much like any of the portraits I have en of the "Waltz King," but he is a good actor, which is rather more ie point. Mlle Korjus seems to have a lot to learn as an actress, but e sings korjusly. Miss Luise Rainer, who can act extremely well, is re almost completely wasted.

OLD FAVOURITE: St. George (Robert Kempson) with one of the fairies in *Where The Rainbow Ends*, which, as in the past, is at the Holborn Empire for Christmas

COVENT GARDEN STAGES A PANTOMIME

Some of the Spectacular Settings for "Red Riding Hood"

BLOSSOM-TIME IN THE WEST COUNTRY: The charming Widdicombe Village setting for the opening scene in *Red Riding Hood*, the first pantomime to be given at Covent Garden for many a year. Nelson Keys plays Mother Hubbard and genial George Jackley is Simple Simon

MEADOWSWEET LANE where Covent Garden's Red Riding Hood begins her perilous journey through the woods to visit Mother Hubbard's cottage. *Below*—The spectacular fairyland scene

On right—THE FOREST DEPTHS where the wolf is hiding. Another spectacular scene in the Covent Garden pantomime, *Red Riding Hood*

"Princess Ida."—For some inscrutable reason *Princess Ida* is far less frequently performed than the other works in the Gilbert and Sullivan regular repertory, so I went way down east one evening last week to the People's Palace, Mile End Road, where the D'Oyly Carte Company have just concluded a successful season. There was an admirable performance and a full and most enthusiastic house. I cannot for the life of me see why *Princess Ida* should be comparatively unpopular. Possibly its unpopularity, if one can judge by the delighted crowds of democracy, with a sprinkling of visitors from the other side of Temple Bar, is now at an end.

The story is ingenious and quite amusing; there are patches in it which we might call old-fashioned to-day, though it struck me that some of the better-known operas date re. Gilbert never wrote better lyrics than those sung by King "the disagreeable man" (Mr. Martyn Green first-rate in the part). 's burlesque of Handel in the scene in which the three hefty men off their armour to fight is delicious, and "Kiss Me" is surely of the best songs he ever composed. Mr. Darrell Fancourt was mighty backbone of the warlike trio, and Mr. Sydney Granville, old favourite, was in good voice. The chorus sang well, and the ery and dresses, which always suggest to me a sort of lighter edition *Lohengrin*, were good to look upon and appropriately medieval.

The Mikado has now been filmed, though we have yet to hear the ect on it. It should be interesting to see how *Princess Ida* survives process, if, that is to say, it is undertaken. I spent a wholly enjoyable ning, which is more than can be said of some evenings of late in st-End theatres, musical and otherwise.

"Paris Honeymoon" (Film).—Many people are not beguiled the voice of the crooner, croon he never so wisely. Mr. Bing Crosby ns ever so wisely in *Paris Honeymoon*, a film at the Plaza, for Crosby is Public Crooner No. 1, which, if it is perhaps not an rable reputation, is one that has its lucrative aspect. The story is much of a thing, with a farcically Ruritanian background, a not very esting love-interest, and a part which gives some scope to Miss nriska Gall's vivacity. But I suspect it was intended as not much re than a peg for the croons.

POTTED REVIEWS: The following are some extracts from recent views of current shows by THE SPHERE's dramatic critic, Philip Page.

"Story of an African Farm" (New): Mr. Basil Dean, faced with ry difficult problem, has concentrated on both "atmosphere" and ve detail with immense success. His treatment of a Boer wedding. a whole platoon of Paul Krugers, provides a lively moment.

"Geneva" (Saville): This is, on the whole, second-best Shaw. But d-best Shaw is well worth listening to, even if the process needs pluck endurance.

"Under Your Hat" (Palace): Miss neidge is a comedienne low and broad igh and, indeed, everything but middling. s has she been in better form.

"TO JUSTIFY, AS WELL AS COUPLETS CAN, THE COMPLEX WAYS OF CULBERTSON TO MAN": This is the frontispiece of Marmaduke Dixey's bright book, *The Beauties of Bridge* (Faber and Faber. 3s. 6d.), which certainly commends itself as an ideal Christmas gift-book for the contract enthusiast. It is entirely written in verse, each of the cantos dealing with different phases of the game

THE WORLD OF BOOKS

AS PRESENT-BUYING REACHES ZERO HOUR

Some Last-Minute Suggestions for the Last-Minute Christmas Shopper: When Books Convey a Subtle Compliment

By VERNON FANE

NOW that we are so close to Christmas that we can count the time in hours, desperation is beginning to set in, and grey-faced shoppers are dodging in and out of shops, muttering under their breaths. In most cases what they are muttering is not an invocation, seasonable enough, to Santa Claus, but a distracted litany of "Aunt Mary—calendar, young Tommy—flashlight, the Greens—pair of decanters, one by itself might look mean, Uncle John—."

In a purely altruistic spirit it occurred to me to help any of those who are really in serious last-minute straits, by advising them to buy books, and furthermore, by suggesting one or two books to suit givers' purses and givees' tastes. Books have innumerable advantages as presents. They are, in general, not expensive. If chosen thoughtfully they can be a subtle compliment to the person for whom they are intended. If you buy them in time you can read them yourself first. And they are delightfully easy to pack.

Those are only four reasons, but if there were still need of convincing I could give many more. Now for a very short list, chosen only from the newest books, and not attempting to be fully representative.

Since we left Uncle John unprovided we might start with him. He gets **HERCULE POIROT'S CHRISTMAS** (Crime Club. 7s. 6d.) and if I know anything about Uncle John, he enjoys it thoroughly. It is the best of Miss Agatha Christie's murder stories for years, and a reversion to the old style murder-with-blood-and-screams, as against the more fashionably anæmic type of detective story, in which the crime is only the unmannerly excuse for a good deal of polite cerebration between experts.

Miss Christie explains, in her dedication, that it was at the request of a brother-in-law that she wrote about a "good violent murder with lots of blood." The result is not only true to the letter of those instructions, but a really first-class thriller, and that, let me remind you, is as rare as it is welcome.

A family house-party is the scene of Miss Christie's story, but a house-party of the least promising kind. It has been convened by old Simeon Lee, an unprepossessing millionaire whose idea of entertainment is to gather his sons and their wives about him, and to cause them as much mental misery as one week of "festivity" can possibly afford.

All in all, he is a very nearly perfect example of the unregretted victim, and Miss Christie obligingly causes him to be done in before many pages have been turned. There remain the suspects, and here the field is rich. Servants and all, every member of that house-party might have, and is proved by M. Poirot to have, a motive for the killing. Here is the classic whodunit of American slang, and very properly mystifying it is.

M. Poirot actually makes few appearances, and speaks less, but those utterances and those appearances all have their significance, and it is M. Poirot who once again presents the solution.

Excellent stuff, and suitable not only for Uncle John, but for all the amateur (which means armchair) detectives of your acquaintance.

M. Andre Maurois' biography of **CHATEAUBRIAND** (Jonathan Cape. 12s. 6d.) is another very fine choice for your Christmas list, though again, you may find

"ROCK TOMB OF KING PELAYO, COVADONGA": One of the magnificent illustrations by Muirhead Bone in *Days in Old Spain*, by Gertrude Bone (Macmillan. 12s. 6d.). The book gives a really memorable picture of life in the peninsula in pre-civil war days

it the sort of present which never progresses far beyond the giver.

If you have read M. Maurois' former biographies, of Disraeli and of Byron, you will need this to add to your collection. If you have not, then this is a good occasion for a new start.

M. Maurois is at his happiest when he is writing of the great romantics, and Chateaubriand is for him a perfect subject. That strange man, Breton-born, is evoked with all his contradictions. The noble head, on the insignificant body; the fickle heart and the loyal spirit; the brilliant intellect and the worldly outlook.

Chateaubriand is best remembered for his *Memoires*, whose writing occupied so many years of his life. It is said that when they were at length finished the writer, who was by then a man of over seventy, could find nothing with which to occupy himself, until it was suggested by a friend of his that he should write the life of the founder of the Trappist order. "The work, which Chateaubriand began without enthusiasm, was to give him an opportunity for some of his greatest felicities of style."

In common with many great French writers, Chateaubriand's ambitions, which were an integral part of the man's character, were all political. He held high office under Napoleon, and later was ambassador to Rome and to England. But throughout his long career it seemed that he had the fatal gift of loyalty to the most dangerous of causes.

He affronted Napoleon, and defied Louis XVIII until that gentleman was heard to complain sadly that it seemed "impossible to govern either with, or without, M. de Chateaubriand."

He was inconsistent, and more inconstant. He was the hero of many and ardent love affairs, and when he died "students . . . who had arranged that a guard of honour should watch by him, saw a stricken old lady kneeling at a prie-Dieu. It was Madame Recamier."

One of the few childish pleasures that does not pass with childhood is that of "looking at pictures," and for those of us who appreciate excellent photographs of strange and beautiful places, Miss Freya Stark has made a collection from the records of her Arabian journeys.

SEEN IN THE HADHRAMAUT (John Murray. 21s.) contains 130 of the author's own photographs, and anyone who is familiar with the *Southern Gates of Arabia* will not need to be told anything about the quality of Miss Stark's camera work.

These photographs of the strange mud-walled skyscrapers with their decorations of carving and their friezes of elks' horns are like nothing that exists in any other part of the world. To quote Miss Stark, "They are not intended to give the history of the Hadhramaut, far less to serve as a handbook to those who may wish to travel there. They hope only to keep the remembrance of something very complete, very ancient, very remote, and very beautiful, which may pass for ever from our world."

The book itself, bound in natural linen and printed on smooth grey paper that takes on the tones of the photographs, is charmingly produced and would be a distinguished item on any list of presents.

For the sophisticated town-dwelling friend—and all of us have at least one of those—there is **WHISPERING LEAVES IN GROSVENOR SQUARE** (Longmans Green. 3s. 6d.). This is a tiny little book with bright silver covers, and between those covers lie some of the reflections, mainly on English life, of Madame Yoshida, wife of the Japanese ambassador to London.

Madame Yoshida has made translations from some of her own poems and included them in the text. One of these was written for Mrs. Neville Chamberlain by her hostess, and put on the table before her at a luncheon party

AS I AM . . . AND AS I WOULD LIKE TO BE

Contrasting sketches by G. K. Chesterton in his book, *The Coloured Lands* (Sheed and Ward. 7s. 6d.). It is described as a work "crammed with the things you would have got from Chesterton had you been his week-end guest"

BOOKS RECEIVED

METHUEN.—PATAGONIAN YEAR. By Pedro Rubio. 7s. 6d. BURNS—BY HIMSELF. By Keith Henderson. 12s. 6d. MORE HAND-PICKED HOWLERS. By Cecil Hunt. Illustrated by Blampied. 3s. 6d. HIMALAYAN ASSAULT: THE FRENCH HIMALAYAN EXPEDITION, 1936. Translated by Nea E. Morin. Introduction by Brig.-Gen. The Hon. C. G. Bruce. Illustrated. 15s. BEAR, MOUSE AND WATERBEETLE. By John Hastings Turner. Illustrated by Warwick Lendon. 6s. THE KING'S SERVICE: AN INFORMAL HISTORY OF THE BRITISH INFANTRY SOLDIER. By Ian Hay. 7s. 6d. BABAR AT HOME. By Jean de Brunhoff. Illustrated. 7s. 6d. JOHN MURRAY.—CHARCOT OF THE ANTARCTIC. By Marthe Oulié. 12s. 6d. LAUGHING DIPLOMAT. By Daniele Vare. 16s. LETTERS OF THE PRINCE CONSORT, 1831-1861. Selected and edited by Dr. Kurt Jagow and translated by E. T. S. Dugdale. Illustrated. 18s. DEFENCE—WHAT CAN I DO? By Commander Stephen King-Hall and Lady Williams. D.B.E. 1s. NICHOLSON & WATSON.—GREAT CATHOLICS. Edited by Father Claude Williamson, O.S.C. 10s. 6d. JOURNALS AND LETTERS OF REGINALD, VISCOUNT ESHER, Vol. 4. Edited by Oliver, Viscount Esher. 25s. PALACE PIER. By Robert Eton. 7s. 6d. IT MAKES A NICE CHANGE. By John Gloag. 7s. 6d. I'M GETTING MARRIED. By Jolanda Tildes. 7s. 6d. PITMAN.—THE BOOK OF THE ROVER. By W. A. Gibson Martin. 3s. PUTNAM.—THE RIVER BREAKS UP. By I. J. Singer. 8s. 6d. THE THEATRE IN A CHANGING EUROPE. By Thomas H. Dickinson and others. Illustrated. 15s.

"WINTER CAVALCADE": Indoor Ski-Jumping Provides Thrills at Earls Court

THE GRE[illegible] SNOW SLOPE AT EARLS COURT where the elaborate sho[illegible] *Winter Cavalcade* is proving a great attraction, the feature bein[illegible] display of ski-jumping, an exponent of which is seen in a[illegible]on (*inset above*), by experts from all parts of the world. This[illegible]s the first indoor exhibition of its kind ever held in Euro[illegible] and the snow on which the demonstrations take place is p[illegible]duced by two ice-crushing machines which have been spec[illegible]lly imported from America for the purpose. *On right*—Miss[illegible] Evelyn Pinching, an English "ace," ski-ing at speed

IN RHYTHMIC UNISON: Three Norwegian ski-ing experts take the jump together on the snow slope at Earls Court and (*on right*) a skier in the obstacle event making a rapid turn when travelling fast. Indoor ski-ing originated at Boston Garden, U.S.A., in 1936, afterwards becoming so popular that it was also presented at Madison Square, New York; and now it constitutes one of the most popular Christmas-time attractions in America

THE RALLY ROUTE TO MONTE CARLO: A section of the course which competitors in the forthcoming Monte Carlo Rally will have to negotiate. It is situated 80 miles from Monte Carlo on the way up to a pass 3,700 ft. above sea level. Hewn out of the rock, it has a sheer drop of 500 ft. and is frequently iced and snowed up in winter. Gradients are up to 1 in 8 and competitors must maintain an average speed of over 31 m.p.h. or lose marks. The most surprising fact is that last year a number of competitors accomplished this feat

AN AMAZING "TEN"

The New Morris Ten-Four on Test

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.

(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands)

THE modern so-called 10 h.p. motor car is really an amazing vehicle, and one of the leaders in this class comes from the famous Morris factory at Oxford. The other day when driving this Morris Ten-Four, as it is called, there were several occasions on which I found it difficult to believe that the engine pulling me along had only four cylinders, the cubic capacity of which was a little over 1,100 cc. When an outstanding car in its class, as this Morris undoubtedly is, comes to be compared with a 10 h.p. motor car of ten years ago then the difference can only be termed terrific.

I did not attempt to check the speedometer, but I can tell from running the car well over 100 miles that it was no more on the side of exaggeration than the average instrument. On one occasion the speedometer needle went up to 74 m.p.h. on a very slight down grade. Even if that figure were attained on a stripped chassis it would be remarkable enough, but when it is remembered that the car in question was a very commodious saloon then the performance becomes truly remarkable.

The engine of this Ten-Four is a new overhead valve unit which is really smooth no matter how slowly or how quickly it is turning over. Outstanding speed is only one of its achievements, for it also enables the car to get off the mark with a snappiness that allows the driver to leave most other cars behind.

The price of this car with a fixed-head saloon body is only £175 and selling at such a low figure I, and I think most people, would imagine that the makers would be compelled to cut out all features which savour of luxury in order to show any profit on the transaction. Actually, the car is most generously equipped, and the chassis specification is as complete as might be expected on any car selling at twice the price. To start with, I found I was operating a gear-box giving four forward speeds and before I had left London I realised that it was no ordinary gear-box, but one fitted with synchromesh on second, third and top gears. On the indirect ratios the car was really quiet and the ratios appeared to be nicely chosen.

The night I took the car over was one of those unpleasant wet and stormy evenings and these conditions gave me many valuable opportunities of testing the brakes. The Lockheed system is employed and I soon found that even when the pedal was stamped on, the car did not deviate from its appointed path. The steering was light and positive and the lock provided was satisfactory. It was not until I reached the open country that I was first able to get an idea of how the car held the road. When the opportunities did occur I was more than pleased and on the next morning I looked to discover what type of suspension was responsible for not only the good road-holding qualities of the car but also for the smooth riding given to the occupants.

I note from the catalogue that the manufacturers lay particular emphasis on the length of the semi-elliptic springs fitted in front. Long semi-elliptics are also used at the back, and all four are controlled by shock absorbers of the hydraulic piston type. The front springs are further assisted by a torsion bar stabiliser. With a light car no one would be surprised if it jumped about slightly on corners, but the suspension of this Morris plus the careful working out of the weight distribution just sticks the car to the road.

During the days when the car was in my possession I found the engine easy to start, and it apparently did not require any great wait before it was warm enough to take the car away promptly. The body was free from rattles or squeaks, and it gave the driver a wonderfully clear view ahead, and with the large rear window reversing was simple. The front seats are definitely easy to adjust, and the passengers in the back seats are given a nice clear floor without wells

HOW AMERICA SOLVES HER TRAFFIC PROBLEMS: The Lincoln tunnel, connecting 39th Street, Manhattan, with Weehawken, New Jersey, across the Hudson river. Opened to traffic last December, it took 2½ years to construct and represents a considerable saving of time to the inter-state motorist. The above view is taken from the New Jersey end where a second tunnel in course of construction can be seen on the left of the picture

for their feet. Another point which appeals to me is that generous space under cover is provided for luggage, whilst the spare wheel is carried in a separate compartment protected from dust and dirt and has not to be disturbed when suit-cases and packages are being inserted or withdrawn from the luggage compartment.

Every provision is made to keep the atmosphere inside the saloon as fresh as possible. In particular, I was impressed with the double bulkheads between the engine and the interior of the body. This is a refinement which deserves every praise and, incidentally, it allows the accumulator to be carried in a screened position where it is also accessible. I have not in any way exhausted the list of refinements which are incorporated in this Morris Ten-Four. The manufacturers, however, produce a very interesting brochure describing the car, which can be obtained by anyone for the asking. Altogether, I found the car extremely lively, well-behaved and interesting.

From time to time complaints are received by the R.A.C. from garage proprietors in various parts of the country regarding the treatment they have received from a certain class of motorist. Having had occasion to send to a garage for assistance, the driver concerned has apparently succeeded in overcoming his difficulties, and has proceeded on his journey before the relief car from the garage has arrived and without sending any notification to the garage proprietor that he was leaving.

A typical example occurred recently when a car owner was stranded late at night on the Great West road having run out of petrol. He sent a message to the nearest all-night garage explaining his predicament, and a relief car carrying petrol was sent to him at once. On arrival the car had disappeared.

Obviously, if such cases were frequent, the whole of the motoring public would suffer. The R.A.C. suggest, therefore, that any car owner or motor cyclist requiring help in such circumstances should always give his name and address with any message requesting assistance as a guarantee of his bona fides.

In cases of accident or breakdown members of the R.A.C. are able to give unquestionable security to the garage proprietor by means of the "Get you Home" voucher, which is an undertaking by the R.A.C. to defray, within the limits of the scheme, the expense incurred in going to a member's assistance.

AS TESTED: The new Morris Ten-Four similar to the one supplied to our motoring correspondent. Its roominess and ease of control stamp it as a car of quality out of all proportion to its price

INSPIRATION

Derived From

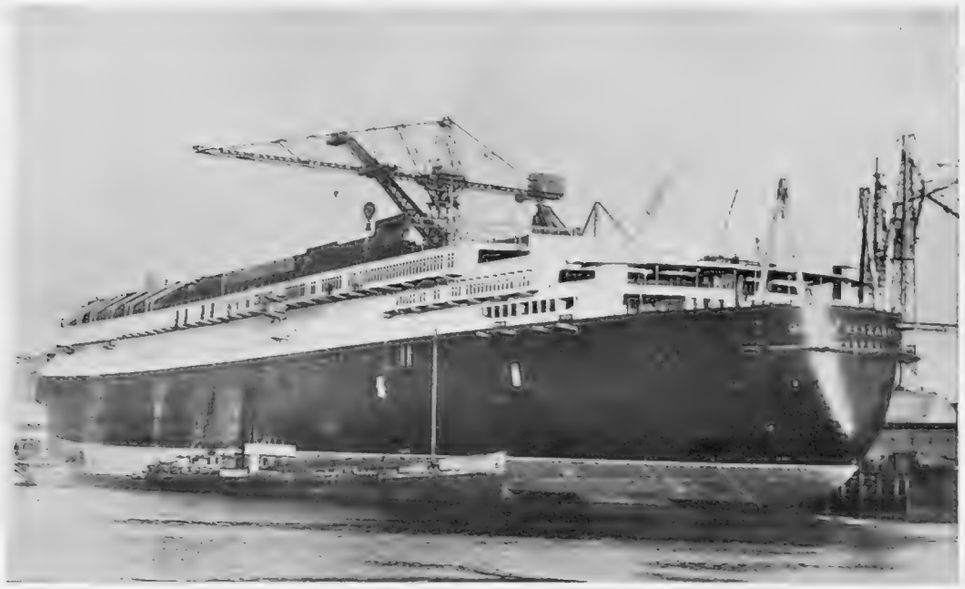
THREE MAJOR SOURCES

The Statuesque: The perfect line for a dress of which one can never grow tired. Exquisite drapery outlines the body, and is set into symmetrically-applied bands so that all the fullness is swept to the front. Paquin makes this model in cerise jersey, soft and brilliant, cutting it very low at the back, and letting it fall in a brief, curved train

The Romantic: Lovely to dance in, these three dresses are the very epitome of grace. Paquin makes one in cerise lace with inset panels of gauged chiffon, a second in prune-coloured lace with a fitted velvet bodice and hip-line, and a third in black lace with a minute bolero and borders of fine black astrakhan—an unusual but very effective alliance

The Oriental: Lines of classic simplicity, slender as a wand, the rich and glowing fabrics massed with brilliant embroideries. Nothing could surpass the magnificence of Maggy Rouff's red velvet tunic embroidered boldly with gold. Beneath it is a narrow matching velvet skirt, and the tiny head-dress reflects very definitely the Eastern influence

ANOTHER NEW UNION-CASTLE LINER: This 17,388-ton motorship, the *Durban Castle*, the eleventh vessel to be put into commission by the company since 1935, sails from London on December 31 on her maiden voyage to South and East Africa. She is to be employed in the intermediate service, and has accommodation for 220 first-class and 335 tourist passengers. There can be no mistaking the graceful lines and strikingly modern profile of the new Union-Castle liners—the short, pear-shaped funnel, the raked stem, cruiser stern, and rounded bridge front—features which give the liners a highly distinctive, well-balanced appearance



PROGRESS OF THE "QUEEN ELIZABETH": The Cunard White Star giant pictured in the fitting-out basin at Clydebank where she is advancing rapidly towards completion. Workmen are at present engaged in cutting the windows in the side of the promenade deck plating and on other work on the superstructure. Beneath the towering hull can be seen one of the dredgers used for holding the mud barrage in position at the stern

AN IGNORANT PARENT GOES TO THE LATIN PLAY

Impressions of the "Phormio" of Terence Presented at Westminster School

ON all sides one hears that these are changing times. On nearly every count it is a true saying. Therefore it is with an increasing sense of restful stability that one sits through the great annual event of the Westminster School Year—the Latin play.

History leaps at you from all sides—the unbroken classic tradition of the play, the serene dignity of the watching towers of the Abbey—did not Wren design the "new" dormitory in which the forty King's Scholars sleep?—each in a wooden cubicle known as a "house"—till a few weeks before the end of the "Play" term, when ruthless modernity descends upon the dormitory in the form of carpenters who build a stage and seating accommodation, and shroud a part of the historic names carved on the walls with the gayest red cloth. Do they also add the wonderful draughts without which no play has ever been produced? One wonders.

And here, amidst a selection of vastly distinguished people, sit the mere parents. Are they all as shamefully ignorant of Latin as the writer? Do any of their laughs come from a basis of real understanding, or have they seen the pink-trimmed wand directing applause from the back or caught a gleam of a smile on the head master's face?

Escorted to a seat and welcomed by the same icy blast as of yore, we sit down and consult our programmes.

What is the play this year? Oh, the *Phormio* of Terence. Again the great sense of stability surrounds us, for we have seen this play before—a play that has a dashing and indiscreet theme if you read the translation, but how many of the audience will descend to such depths? No, we prefer to keep up to the end the impression that we too are revelling in the subtle jokes and the deep laid plots.

So now I feel able to get to work and tell you all about the *Phormio* of Terence. But you must wait for a moment while we have the prologue. The curtain parts, and out steps a figure from history, in knee breeches, college gown and cap and the famous pink carnation. After bowing graciously and with much dignity to centre, right and left, he declaims the fifty-line effort written in sonorous Latin by the head master. Little figures, interspersed in the printed text, will help you to know that reference to various events in last year's school history is being made—and applauded, too.

And now the curtain rises on the—yes, there it is, the dear old sun-lit city of Athens once more, with the open space in the centre and the house each side. And here, one by one, or two by two, come our old friends, the active, lively slaves, not an atom downtrodden in these days, the venerable beards, the two rather worried Patrician lads in red and blue trimmed garments, and of course, the nurse and the maiden (sure of a laugh, these last two). It is all frightfully complicated and everyone gets very worked up and even wrestles. And the actors remember untold quantities of Latin—incredible feats of memory.

"Iam nihil filius mihi
Quod quid est tu sapiens
Tibi mihi ego
Tam dem item dulcis"

and then suddenly and sharply

"Quid dixit"

or even more abruptly

"Nunc."

But you all know your classical Latin too well for me to waste time quoting these passages.

An interval; the play, the real classical Latin play, you understand, is over and you must realise that once more it has been done with a skill and abandon unusual in schoolboys—but are King's Scholars ordinary schoolboys? Is it possible that the halo of a great tradition changes them just for this one night?

THE VITALITY OF CHINESE THEATRICALS

A Popular Art that Fails to Evoke the Same Response when Interpreted in London

IN spite of its stereotyped form the ancient drama of China still appeals as live art to the Chinese people. The foreign-educated young people in the commercial cities are turning to cinemas and western style plays, but for the masses, rich and poor, learned and illiterate, the traditional Chinese dramas are still the favourite form of entertainment.

It is this vital relation between the people and their drama that fills a Chinese theatre with life and excitement whenever a play is being performed. The stage bustles with activity. Players stride on and off to the sound of drum beats; they sing and prance to the measure of flutes and fiddles. Orchestra, stage hands, and property-men mingle with the actors. The air vibrates with movement, sound, and colour.

The audience is scarcely less active. They know the story of the play, so they do not try to catch the words, but they listen for every familiar quaver of the singers' voices, and watch for every significant turn of the actor's head, hand, or foot—for every movement has meaning. Meantime they drink tea, chatter, crunch melon seeds and spit out the shells, suck oranges, nurse babies, and grope in deep purses for a copper to pay the ubiquitous attendants who peddle steaming hot towels, cigarettes, and programmes. If an actor pleases them with quality of voice they shout *hao!* (good!), but if he forgets any one of the thousand stereotyped actions of his part, they admonish him shrilly.

In presenting *The Western Chamber* in English translation and with English players at the Torch Theatre during the past fortnight, Mr. H. I. Hsiung had to do without this exciting sense of life in the theatre. Indeed, because of the limitations of both actors and audience in this medium, he had to do without almost everything that is vital in Chinese drama. The result was that *The Western Chamber*, which is alive and popular in China, seemed to me to lose all vitality on the London stage. It was tastefully robed in gold-embroidered satins and gentle, poetic prose, but it was no. a Chinese drama as acted in China.

The story was there: a tale of young love in springtime, baulked but not ultimately thwarted. The story, however, is not dramatic enough to stand on its own merits. In the Chinese theatre this is not expected and does not matter. Chinese drama is not so much a play as a ballet with singing. Every motion is regulated by tradition. Innovations are not tolerated, but actors attain distinction through virtuosity. Mei Lan-Fang, China's greatest female impersonator, is the perfect exponent of this art. His representations of young girls and women are most exquisitely feminine.

Joyce Redman, playing the role of Ying Ying in the second act of *The Western Chamber* last week, tried to convey an impression of such stylised acting, but was evidently handicapped by lack of training in that tradition. Perhaps none but an Oriental can use his hands so beautifully in gesture that they suggest, as Mei Lan-Fang's do, the unfolding petals of a rose. Every motion of his body is as poised and lovely as the successive steps in a slow dance. Western acting seems crude in comparison.

Voices are as stylised as the action. Only actors playing the parts of low-born persons such as coolies and soldiers speak in natural tones on a Chinese stage. The rest sing or intone in shrill falsetto voices that are not pleasant to our ears but are part of the rigid tradition. It is understandable that this art could not be translated to the stage of the Torch Theatre by English actors and actresses.

F. E. Dean

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

At this season of the year, suppressed excitement reigns in the Homes and Ship of this old established Society, and hopes run high as to what Santa Claus will bring. Some of the children in the Homes know that they have no one in the outside world to send them anything, but it has been known that kind subscribers—some who have once had little children of their own—remember these lonely boys and girls and send them a gift. Past Christmases would have been lonely had it not been for toys, or books, or money to buy presents with which these kind friends of the Society have sent. Would YOU like to think that there is even one lonely child at this, the Children's, Festival? Please send a gift and make a child all the happier. All gifts will be gratefully acknowledged and should be sent to the Headquarters at 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2, and addressed to "Lonely Child."

This England . . .

Shropshire—Heath Mynd

STRANGERS you will meet who hold that the English are forever sentimentalizing over a past that did not in fact exist. Yet in Shropshire they may see a living past that far outdoes the whimsies of the Christmas card. For here is the domestic architecture of the fairy-tale, beams, galleries, carved newel posts and all. Here, too, are names scarce credible, Shushions and Sheriff Hales, Boscobel and Gatherwind; and a countryside drenched in a history that you need not know to feel about you. The truth of the matter is simple; the Englishman's feeling for the past comes not of his dreams but of his daily contact with it. Though leaded panes be scarce in the cities of to-day yet is the Worthington you quaff there brewed as it was when gabled taverns overhung the street.

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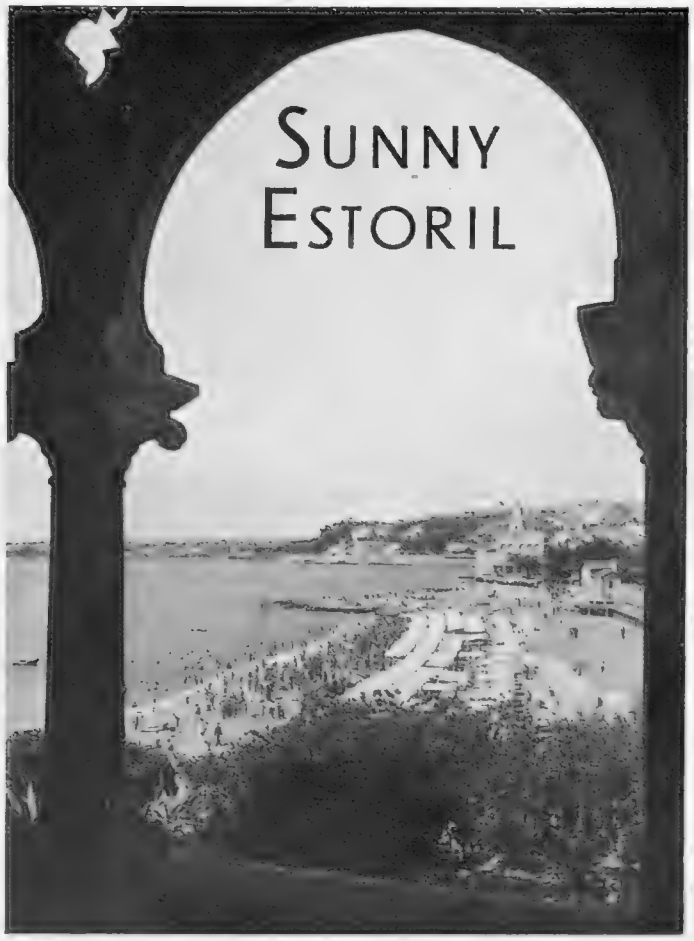

PEARL OF THE PORTUGUESE RIVIERA: The plage at Estoril, an Atlantic resort with an all-the-year-round season. From early February until spring Estoril's climate is particularly pleasant and healthful

• THE SPHERE TRAVEL BUREAU •

LOOKING OUT TO THE ATLANTIC over the trees and rooftops of Estoril. A picture taken from the golf course. At this resort there is always a refreshing breeze from the sea

AS the two or three days' steaming from an English port draws near its close the vessel passes the Cape da Roca and changes course to the eastward. Away on the port side, crowning the wooded hillside, stands out one of Portugal's most interesting places, the Pena Castle. In the distance, with its pinnacles and battlements, it looks like the enchanted castle from some fairy story.

Passing the point of Cascais the steamer enters the Bay of Lisbon and you will find all eyes keenly regarding the distant coastline which is known as the Costa do Sol, a term its sunshine records adequately justify. This is the Portuguese Riviera, a string of coves with sandy beaches. To four of the most beautiful of these nooks has been given the comprehensive name Estoril.

For some years now we have heard more and more of this place which in summer time drew the people out from Lisbon to get a breath of sea air. Of course, it still does that, but it suddenly awoke to the fact that in the winter months it could offer people from much colder and duller parts than Lisbon the warmth and sunshine for which they longed. For the people from this country it struck a different note from the places they already knew. They were not used to the Portuguese, though in expansive moments they cordially spoke of them as our oldest allies. So they began to go to Estoril, and the developments of ten years or so are most tangible evidence that they liked it.

To-day it is one of the most attractive resorts in Europe, with practically an all-the-year-round vogue, though people from this country prefer the early autumn months and from February until spring are well established at home. There is no heat to be afraid of in the summer for there is always a breeze from the sea and then is the time, if you are interested in the people of a country, to see how the Portuguese enjoy themselves.

The steamer goes up the Tagus to Lisbon, built in an imposing amphitheatre in the hills. You will probably see quite a lot of the capital before you leave Portugal, but for the moment Estoril is the goal. It is linked with Lisbon by an excellent system of electric trains. As soon as you set foot on the Costa do Sol you will notice the influence of the Gulf Stream. The beaches face south, and to the north they are protected by the hills of Cintra, while in the immediate neighbourhood are woods of pine and eucalyptus which are always a joy to me.

The casino at Estoril, standing in the upper part of a large open park with avenues of palm trees and beds of gorgeous flowers, is built on luxurious lines. There are very pleasing touches of colour in the scene from the tinting of the houses and red Moorish tiles, and the place is never without flowers. There are plenty of facilities for golf and tennis and other sports. In addition, Estoril is a spa with warm springs, and the swimming pool of the thermal establishment is the largest in the Iberian peninsula. Moreover, the warm springs supply the water for it.

There are some who will consider their travels at an end when they reach Estoril; they find contentment in bathing and playing. Others will not be content until they have explored the Sierra de Cintra to the north. Two roads lead there, one 9 miles long, and the other, though twice the distance, winds through pine forests and on the journey there are many delightful views of the Atlantic coastline. The road circles the mountains and passes through the village of Colares, famed for its wine and fruit. On the Cintra range you will see not only the Pena Palace but the Royal Palace, which is said to have been the home of the Moorish kings of Portugal, and the Moorish castle not far from Pena. The decoration of some of the rooms of the Royal Palace are very interesting, notably the Chamber of the Magpies which is inevitably associated with the women of the household.

A PORTUGUESE SHOW PLACE: The great central tower of Pena Castle, a ci-devant royal residence which was erected in medieval style between 1840–50 by Prince Ferdinand of Coburg, the consort of Queen Maria II of Portugal

Both Shelley and Byron sang the praises of Cintra, which has many historical associations. It was there Manuel I kept vigil awaiting the return of Vasco da Gama's fleet from the voyage round the Cape of Good Hope to India. A little farther to the north is Mafra, a small town distinguished for its enormous convent built by John V of Portugal who spent an enormous sum on its decoration.

Lisbon is undoubtedly one of the most beautiful cities of the world. Rising on the seven hills, terrace by terrace from the river, it is seen at its best from the waterway or from the Castelo de Sao Jorge. Its well laid out avenues, squares and parks are exceedingly pleasing, notably the Avenida da Liberdade.

I have not attempted to give a comprehensive picture of what Portugal offers the traveller, but just that part of the country which the ordinary visitor to Estoril would probably explore. There are many towns in Portugal full of local colour, and links with the Moors stand side by side with substantial monuments of Roman times.

Beverley Brooke

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Winter season 1938/39

Some Outstanding Dates

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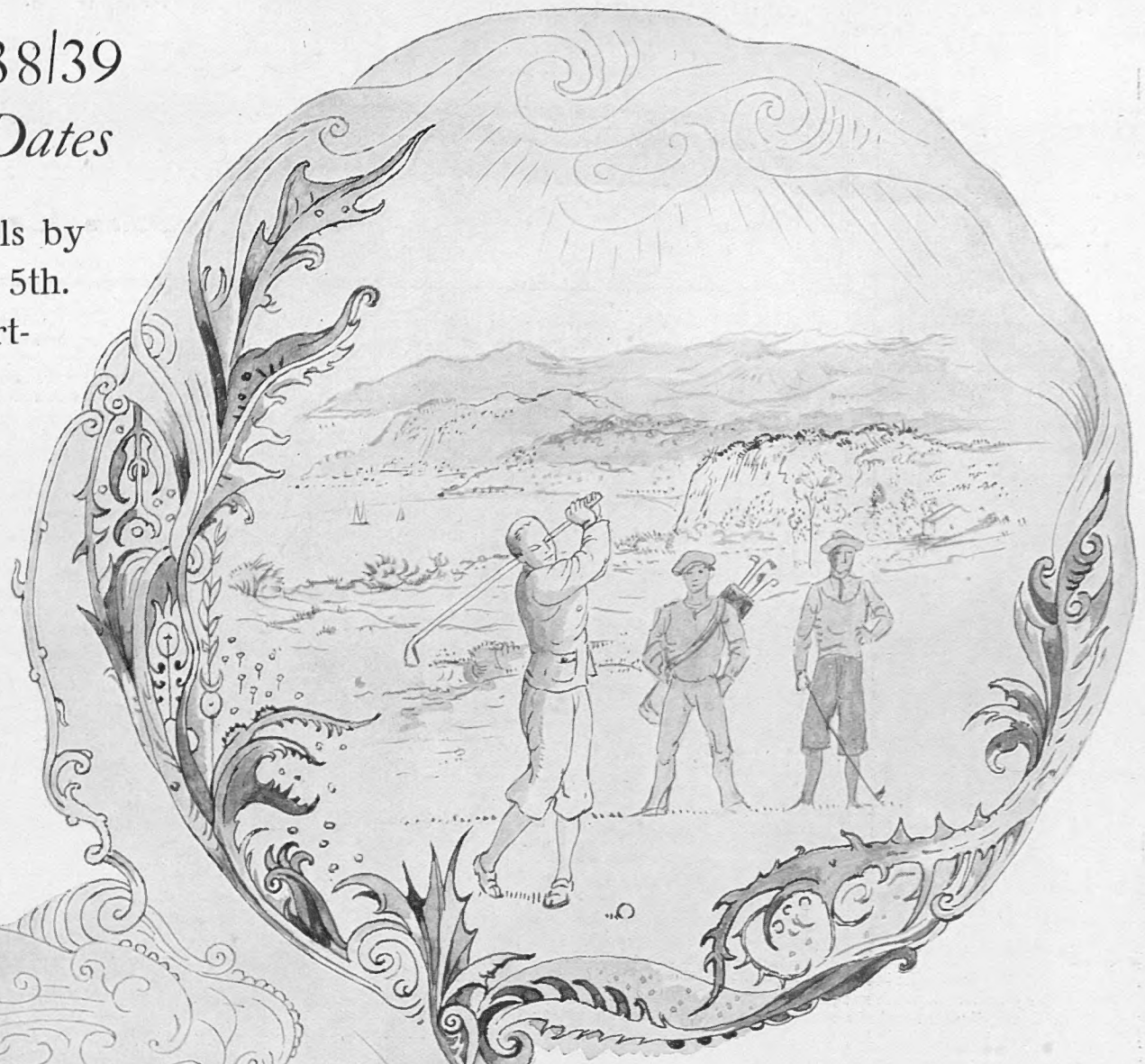

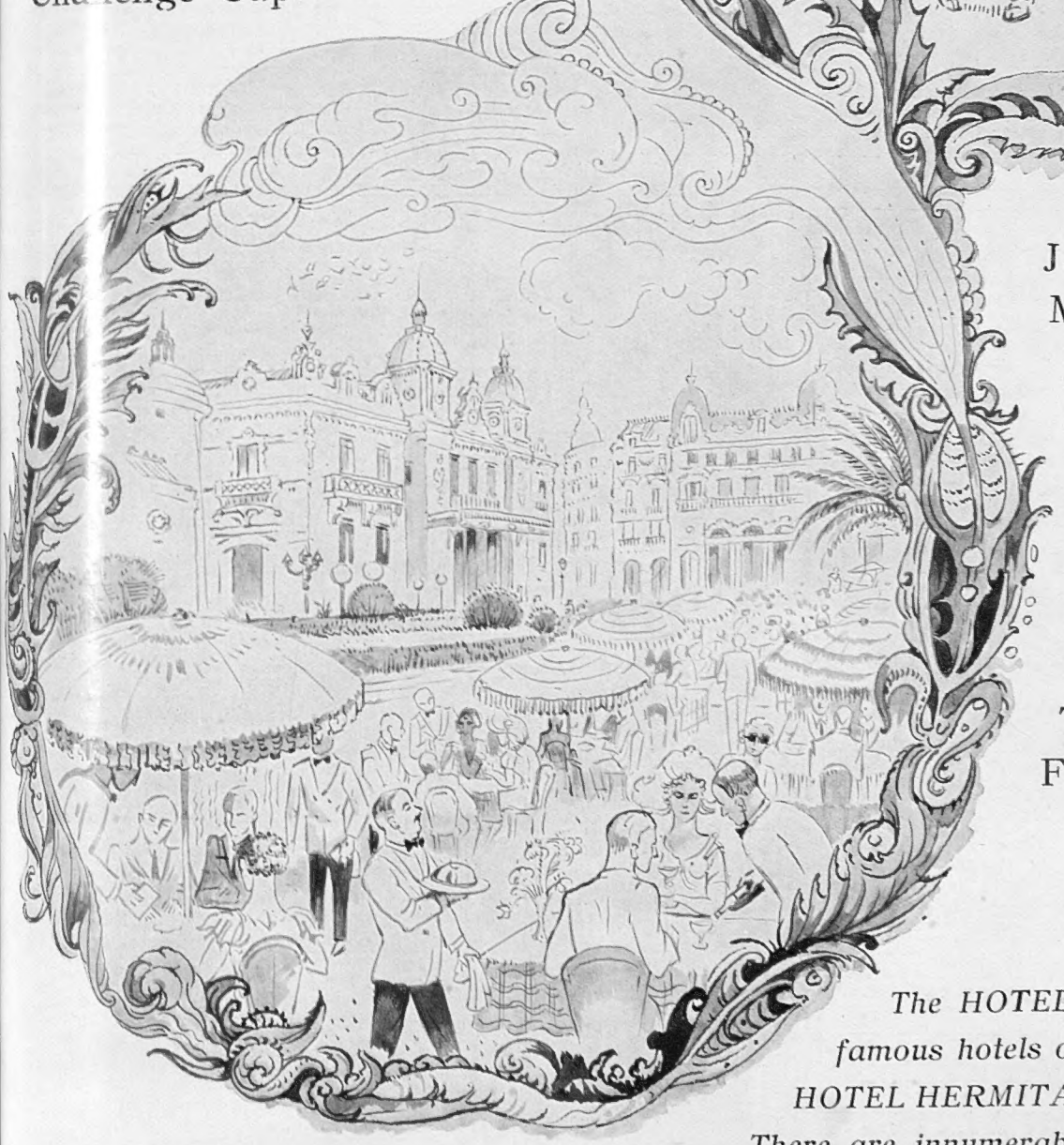

Jan. 18th. Concert with Mme Vina Bovy, soloist. ★ Jan. 21st-25th. Eighteenth Annual Motor Rally. ★ Jan. 21st-31st. Opera-Wagner's Ring by the Bayreuth Company under Franz von Hoesslin. ★ Jan. 23rd-29th. Tennis-International Tournament. ★ Jan. 23rd.-Feb. 4th. Bridge Tournament.

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MONTE-CARLO

In Quest of Good Hotels

By ASHLEY COURTENAY

Where the Guest Can Obtain Facilities for Sport : Riding at Beauport Park : Squash at Birchington : Golf at Cooden Beach

IT is not unreasonable to suppose that at some time during the new year festivities, my readers' thoughts may turn to the propriety of a little exercise, and I hope that it will not be taken amiss if I mention one or two hotels that seem to me particularly admirable for this purpose.

Few things settle a surfeit of plum duff more rapidly than a couple of hours in the saddle; and for those of my readers who like riding exercise I have two suggestions that present themselves automatically to my mind. The first is Beauport Park, near Battle; and the second is Whitwell Hatch, near Haslemere. Both hotels have riding stables run in co-operation with the hotel, and both are surrounded by admirable country for hacking.

The park at Beauport comprises the best part of 2,000 acres and you could ride all day without covering the same ground twice. Whitwell Hatch is on the very high ground where Sussex, Hants and Surrey vie with each other for the honour of offering the best view, and the man who dislikes the country round Haslemere is indeed hard to please. Both hotels, moreover, supply every comfort and both have admirable chefs, a point to be remembered by those who come home "hungry as a hunter."

Secondly, there is the increasingly popular game of squash racquets. And here I must ask straight away, "Do you know the Mayfield Court at Deal?" Here, on the very edge of the sea, is a very cheerful and excellently designed hotel which offers among its many attractions the use of a couple of courts. The hotel is also the nearest to the Royal Cinque Ports Golf Club—a championship course that every golfer knows. Between the squash court, therefore, and the golf course (we will let you off the bathing at this time of the year) there is no excuse for not keeping fit. If, however, you do wish to laze in the intervals you can view from your armchair in the lounge all the shipping in The Downs.

Another hotel that can offer squash courts as well as a sea view is the Beresford Hotel, near Birchington. Here there are two courts, and if you are feeling particularly hearty, as often happens at the Beresford, and fancy your game, there is always Murray, the professional, ready and willing to restore your natural sense of proportion!

And so we come to golf. There are, of course, innumerable hotels, from the Clifton Arms at Lytham St. Annes (which boasts seven courses more or less on the doorstep). Perhaps if I had to single out two as being especially charming in themselves as well as being on the edge of excellent courses I should select the Cooden Beach Hotel and Kingsgate Castle. The courses are a complete contrast: Cooden Beach being "Links" in the true sense of the word, and lying along the edge of the sea, while the North Foreland course is high up on the cliffs. Both, however, enjoy the invigorating sea-air, so valuable as a mid-winter tonic, and both are lucky in having really excellent hotels so close at hand. In passing, lovers of the North Foreland course may be interested to know that there is also in Kingsgate a small but very good guest house called Fayreness, which is only separated from the cliffs' edge by some fifty yards of turf.

Finally, we come to that most common of all forms of exercise—walking. Obviously one can walk from any hotel in England, but here are one or two that seem to me set in some of the best scenery. Moor House at Hindhead is a recent discovery of mine (incidentally they realise that books are an essential to civilised life). From Moor House one can walk through country that ranges from the Devil's Punchbowl to Frensham Ponds. One is for the most part on high ground and the views are magnificent. Possibly this is the best walking centre near London.

Of course, there is another, and a very excellent one, not far away on the edge of the same country—the Bush Hotel at Farnham. From here one can tramp along the Hog's Back or strike out towards Frensham and Churt. The Bush, too, boasts one of the oldest bowling greens in England—but that, in January, is by the way. Certainly, the Bush is a charming place at any time of the year, whether you seek the comfort of its crackling fires or sit in its sunny windows in the spring, sniffing the scent of wallflowers in the air.

One cannot mention walking without some reference to the Sussex Downs; and though there are many excellent hotels scattered along their length the one that seems to me to represent the essence of Downland is the Star at Alfriston. Here you will find every comfort and—if you have not been there for some time—an alteration or two. For the old upstairs dining-room has been turned into a delightful lounge, and a "new" dining-room has taken the place of the old kitchens.

So let me leave you at the Star to ponder about the origins of the house and its quaint semi-ecclesiastical carvings. Was the house built by the Abbots of Battle? But I see my remarks have run full circle and that my article ends, as it began, near the site of the Battle of Hastings.

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor, THE SPHERE, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Personal and telephone inquiries, however, cannot be accepted.

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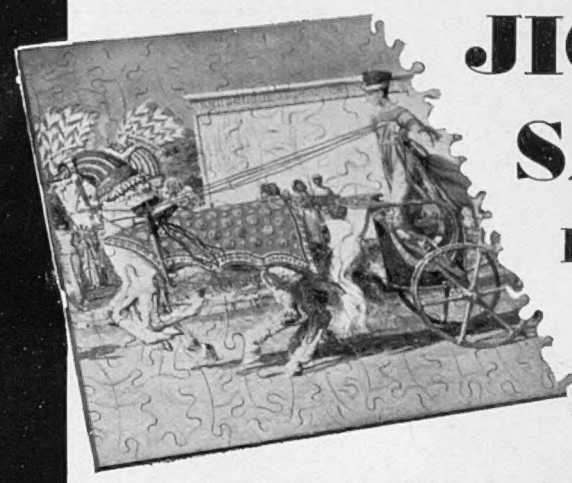

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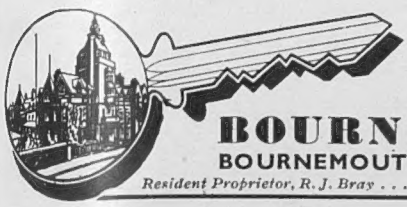

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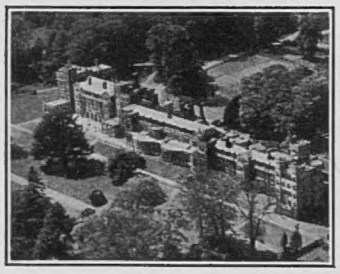

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The majority of these hotels are personally known to our Hotel Correspondent, Mr. Ashley Courtenay, who will be pleased to give further details regarding them to readers who write to him, c/o "The Sphere."

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Abingdon.—Crown and Thistle (Oxford, 6 miles)
Aldeburgh.—Wentworth Hotel. Tel. 312 & 313.
Arundel.—Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 3245.
Barton Mills (Nr. Bury St. Edmunds).—Bull Inn.
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Bath.—Pulteney Hotel. Tel. 3281, 3282, 3283.
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Bournemouth.—Tollard Royal Hotel.
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Brighton (Saltdean).—Ocean Hotel.
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St. Mawes.—Pen-e-Glos. Telephone 209.
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Southport.—Royal Hotel.
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Stratford-on-Avon.—The Arden Hotel.
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